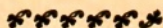


# SONGS OF COMFORT

FOR ALL  
CHRISTIAN GATHERINGS  
AND  
THE HOME

BY  
M. L. McPHAIL



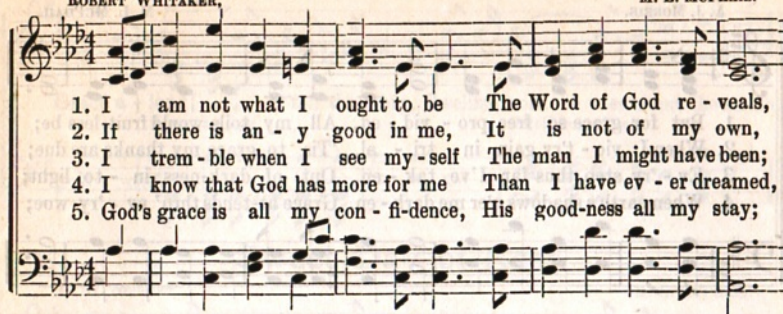
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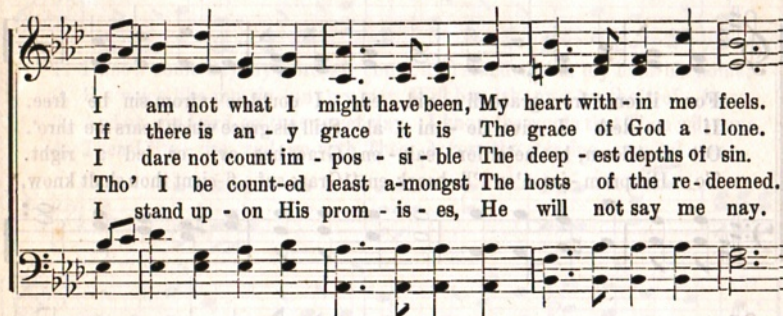
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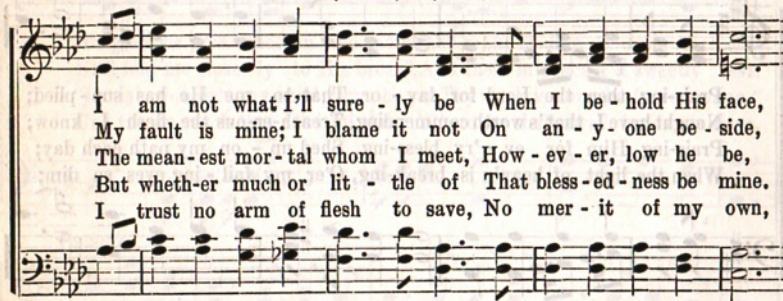
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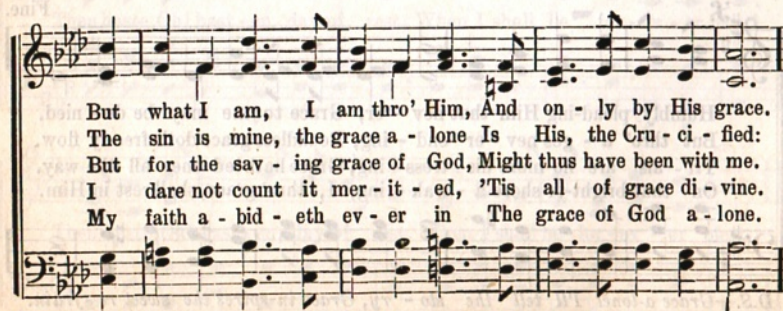
1. I am not what I ought to be The Word of God re - veals,  
 2. If there is an - y good in me, It is not of my own,  
 3. I trem - ble when I see my - self The man I might have been;  
 4. I know that God has more for me Than I have ev - er dreamed,  
 5. God's grace is all my con - fi - dence, His good - ness all my stay;



I am not what I might have been, My heart with - in me feels.  
 If there is an - y grace it is The grace of God a - lone.  
 I dare not count im - pos - si - ble The deep - est depths of sin.  
 Tho' I be count - ed least a - mongst The hosts of the re - deemed.  
 I stand up - on His prom - is - es, He will not say me nay.



I am not what I'll sure - ly be When I be - hold His face,  
 My fault is mine; I blame it not On an - y - one be - side,  
 The mean - est mor - tal whom I meet, How - ev - er, low he be,  
 But wheth - er much or lit - tle of That bless - ed - ness be mine.  
 I trust no arm of flesh to save, No mer - it of my own,

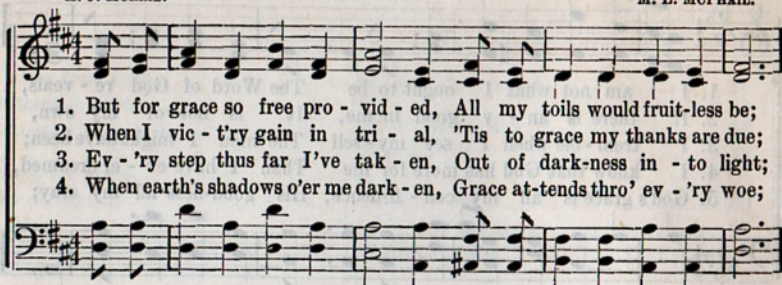


But what I am, I am thro' Him, And on - ly by His grace.  
 The sin is mine, the grace a - lone Is His, the Cru - ci - fied:  
 But for the sav - ing grace of God, Might thus have been with me.  
 I dare not count it mer - it - ed, 'Tis all of grace di - vine.  
 My faith a - bid - eth ev - er in The grace of God a - lone.

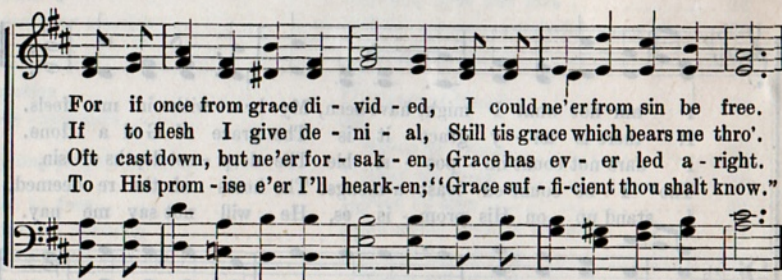
## All Through Grace.

A. J. MORRIS.

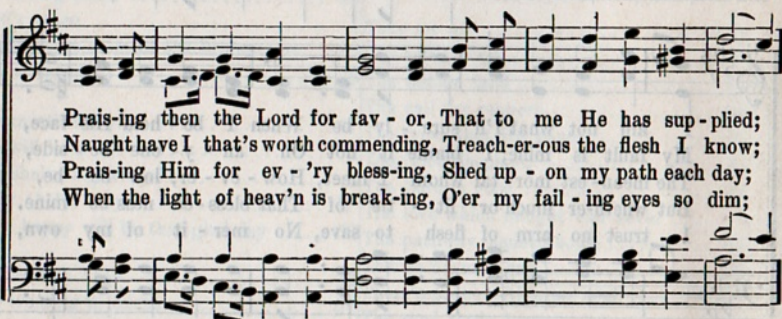
M. L. MCPHAIL.



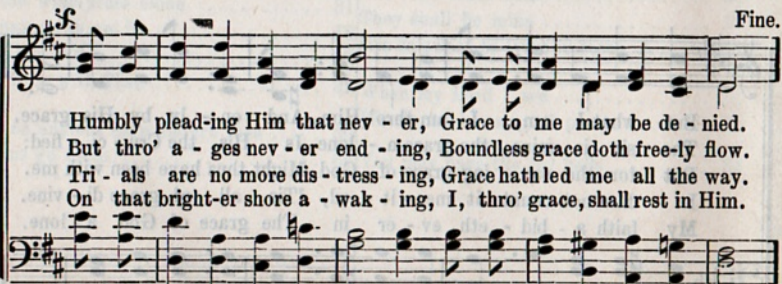
1. But for grace so free pro - vid - ed, All my toils would fruit-less be;  
 2. When I vic - t'ry gain in tri - al, 'Tis to grace my thanks are due;  
 3. Ev - 'ry step thus far I've tak - en, Out of dark-ness in - to light;  
 4. When earth's shadows o'er me dark - en, Grace at-tends thro' ev - 'ry woe;



For if once from grace di - vid - ed, I could ne'er from sin be free.  
 If to flesh I give de - ni - al, Still tis grace which bears me thro'.  
 Oft cast down, but ne'er for - sak - en, Grace has ev - er led a - right.  
 To His prom - ise e'er I'll heark-en; "Grace suf - fi-cient thou shalt know."



Prais-ing then the Lord for fav - or, That to me He has sup - plied;  
 Naught have I that's worth commending, Treach - erous the flesh I know;  
 Prais-ing Him for ev - 'ry bless-ing, Shed up - on my path each day;  
 When the light of heav'n is break-ing, O'er my fail - ing eyes so dim;

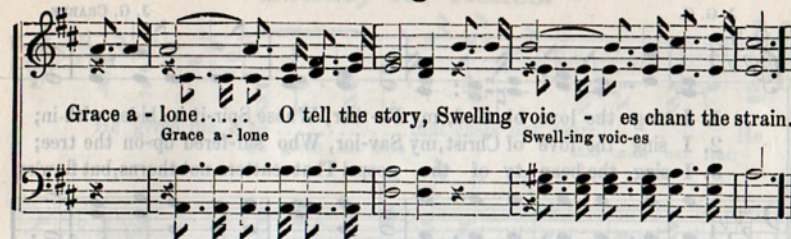


Humbly plead-ing Him that nev - er, Grace to me may be de - nied.  
 But thro' a - ges nev - er end - ing, Boundless grace doth free-ly flow.  
 Tri - als are no more dis - tress - ing, Grace hath led me all the way.  
 On that bright-er shore a - wak - ing, I, thro' grace, shall rest in Him.

D.S.—Grace a-lone! I'll tell the sto - ry, Grace in-spires the sweet re - frain.

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## All Through Grace.



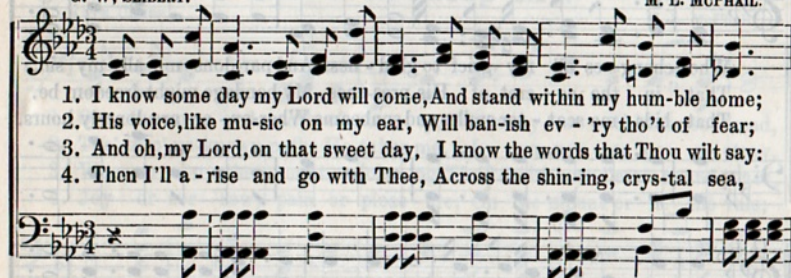
Grace a - lone.... O tell the story, Swelling voice - es chant the strain.  
 Grace a - lone Swell-ing voice-es

## 3

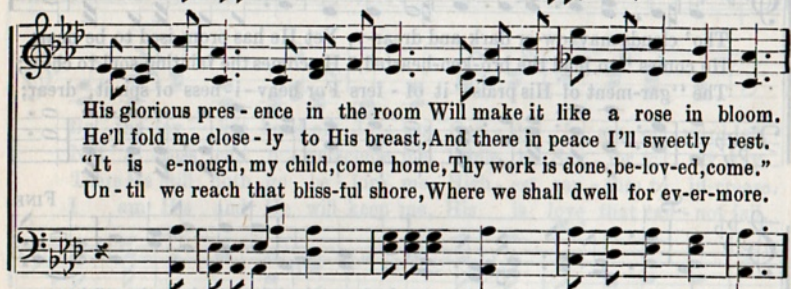
## Sweet Day of Rest.

G. W. SEIBERT.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

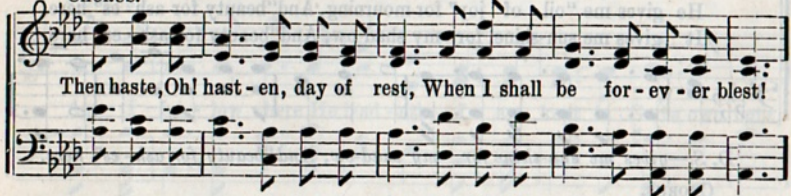


1. I know some day my Lord will come, And stand within my hum-ble home;  
 2. His voice, like mu-sic on my ear, Will ban-ish ev - 'ry tho't of fear;  
 3. And oh, my Lord, on that sweet day, I know the words that Thou wilt say:  
 4. Then I'll a - rise and go with Thee, Across the shin-ing, crys-tal sea,

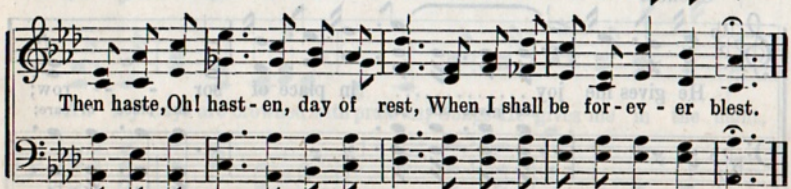


His glorious pres - ence in the room Will make it like a rose in bloom.  
 He'll fold me close - ly to His breast, And there in peace I'll sweetly rest.  
 "It is e-nough, my child, come home, Thy work is done, be-lov-ed, come."  
 Un - til we reach that bliss-ful shore, Where we shall dwell for ev - er - more.

## CHORUS.



Then haste, Oh! hast - en, day of rest, When I shall be for - ev - er blest!



Then haste, Oh! hast - en, day of rest, When I shall be for - ev - er blest.

Copyright, 1909, by M. L. McPhail.

## Beauty for Ashes.

J. G. C.

J. G. CRABBE.

1. I sing the love of God, my Fa-ther, Whose Spir-it a-bides with-in;  
 2. I sing the love of Christ, my Sav-ior, Who suf-ered up-on the tree;  
 3. I sing the beau-ty of the gos-pel That scatters, not thorns, but flow'rs;

Who chang-es all my grief to glad-ness, And par-dons me all my sin.  
 That, in the se-cret of His pres-ence, My bond-age might free-dom be.  
 That bids me scat-ter smiles and sun-beams Wher-ev-er are lone-ly hours.

Tho' clouds may low-er dark and drear-y, Yet He has prom-ised to be near;  
 He comes "to bind the bro-ken-hearted;" He comes the fainting soul to cheer;  
 The "gar-ment of His praise" it of-fers For heav-i-ness of spir-it, drear;

He gives me sun-shine for my shad-ow, And "beau-ty for ash-es" here.  
 He gives me "oil of joy" for mourning, And "beau-ty for ash-es" here.  
 It gives me sun-shine for my shad-ow, And "beau-ty for ash-es" here.

D. S.—gives me sun-shine for my shad-ow, And "beau-ty for ash-es" here.

## CHORUS.

He gives me joy ..... in place of sor-row;  
 He gives me joy in place of care;

Copyright, 1899, by E. S. Lorenz.

## Beauty for Ashes.

D. S.

He gives me love ..... that casts out fear;  
 He gives me love that casts out fear;

## 5

KATE ULMER.

## He Will Keep Me.

M. L. McPhail.

1. O'er the rug-ged path of du-ty, Where my feet would fear to tread,  
 2. Tho' thro' un-known paths He takes me, I can nev-er go a-stray,  
 3. When up-on the mount re-joic-ing, Thrill'd with boundless love and peace,  
 4. Joy or sor-row, pain or pleas-ure, On the mount or in the vale;

By the lov-ing hand of Je-sus, Gen-tly I am on-ward led.  
 Not a cross can o-ver-come me, While the Sav-ior is my stay.  
 There He still doth go be-fore me, High-est rap-ture to in-crease.  
 I am His and He will keep me, His is love that can-not fail.

## CHORUS.

As I fol-low where He lead-eth, I am kept in God's own light,

All my days are crowned with prais-es, Songs He gives me in the night.

Copyright, 1900, by M. L. McPhail.

# 6 Although the Fig Tree Shall not Bloom.

DOUGLAS MACMILLAN.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Al-though the fig-tree shall not bloom, Nor fruit be in the vine,  
 2. And tho' the flock all be cut off No herd be in the stall,  
 3. Tho' stars shall fall, and sun be dim; Tho' moon be turned to blood,  
 4. Tho' fam-ine, earth-quake, pest-i-lence, In di-vers plac-es roam,  
 5. Yea, Lord, we know that Thou dost care Tho' all be-low for-sake,

And all life's joys be lost in gloom Yet, Lord, we still are Thine!  
 Tho' world, or e-ven church all scoff Thou, Lord, art all in all!  
 We know we are the care of Him In whom all saints have stood.  
 Tho' friends that should af-ford de-fence Be-tray us in their home;  
 Thou wilt not let us lose a hair Or bear, un-known, an ache.

And tho' the ol-ive yield shall fail, The fields re-fuse their meat,  
 In Thee, our Rock, we will re-joice Thou mak-est sure our feet,  
 Tho' roar the sea,—tho' bil-lows rage, And men's hearts fail for fear,  
 Tho' par-ents, kins-folk, all should hate Be-cause we love Thy name,  
 So tho' Thou shouldst see fit to slay Still we will trust in Thee;

Our an-chor holds with-in the vail Hard by the mer-cy-seat.  
 In bro-ken paths we'll hear Thy voice Giv-ing us coun-sel meet.  
 He who once bade the storm as-suage On Gal-i-lee, is near!  
 We know, if pa-tient-ly we wait Joy com-eth af-ter shame.  
 For Thou wilt bring us all the way To im-mor-tal-i-ty.

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# 7 The Love which Naught Can Sever.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—Rom. 8:35-39.

A. J. MORRIS.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. As a spring of cry-stal wa-ter, Flows the love of God so pure;  
 2. Trib-u-la-tion, pain, dis-as-ter, Per-se-cu-tion, fa-mine, sword;  
 3. Nev-er fail-ing, nev-er end-ing, Is this source of love sup-ply;  
 4. Nev-er was there love so ten-der, Draw-ing close-ly to His side;

E'er re-fresh-ing wea-ry pil-grims, That they may their toils en-dure.  
 May o'er-take, but ne'er can sev-er From the love found in His word.  
 And it binds my heart so close-ly, I can safe on it re-ly.  
 Safe be-neath its bless-ed shel-ter, There shall nev-er harm be-tide.

CHORUS.

Oh, the love which naught can sev-er, Pure and bound-less now, tor-ev-er;

Thus en-cir-cled, fear can nev-er Cast its shad-ow o'er my soul.

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# 8 His Sheltering Wings.

A. J. MORRIS.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Who dwelleth in God's se-cret place, 'Neath shel-ter-ing care of His wings;  
 2. No ter-ror by night shall as-sail, No pest-i-lence compass my way;  
 3. My ref-uge the Lord I have made, To Him I've en-trust-ed my all;  
 4. His an-gels are guarding my soul, What more can I ask then be-side?  
 5. Then join in sweet songs to His praise, Give thanks with the loudest ac-claim,

A - bid-eth in sweet-est of peace, His soul thus ex-ult-ing-ly sings.  
 Nor noon-day de-struc-tion o'er-take, His prom-is-es still are my stay.  
 He hold-eth my hand in His own, How then can there e-vil be-fall?  
 He an-swers when-ev-er I call, And keep-eth me close by His side.  
 Un-til He shall answer, "Well done!" And take us with Je-sus to reign.

## REFRAIN.

His feath-ers shall cov-er me o-ver, His shel-ter-ing wings safe-ly hide;

From the snare of the fowl-er de-fend me, My soul in His truth shall a-bide.

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# 9

# Take My All.

Mrs. F. G. BURROUGHS.

E. S. LORENZ

1. Take my lit-tle faith and hold it, Keep it for me, blessed Lord!  
 2. Take my hope and keep it stead-fast, E'en a-midst the fierc-est gale:  
 3. Take my fee-ble love and fan it To a might-y, might-y flame!  
 4. Take my heart for Thine own dwell-ing, May Thy spir-it rule and reign;

May it grow a might-y pow-er, Firm-ly root-ed in Thy Word.  
 Let me rest in Thee, my ha-ven, An-chored there with-in the veil.  
 That it nev-er fail, Lord Je-sus, Write up-on me Thy new name.  
 Then the work Thou hast be-gun there To Thy glo-ry shall re-main!

## CHORUS.

{ Take my all, O Lord, I give it! Take my all, O Lord re-ceive it!  
 Take it all, I'm naught with-holding! Take it all, my soul en-fold-ing!

Take my all for I com-mit it now to Thee, to Thee!

Take the lit-tle all that I've com-mit-ted un-to Thee.

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## A Letter from Home.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Soprano and Alto in Unison.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I've been reading a message so sweet and so won-der-ful, From our  
2. And it tells of the beau-ti - ful cit - y of jas-per walls, With its  
3. And I read that while here in this world full of pain and woes, I may  
4. So I'm watching and wait-ing un - til He shall call for me, And the

*Bass and Tenor in Unison.*

Fa - ther a - bove to His chil-dren be - low; And it tells me His  
bright gates of pearl and its streets of pure gold; They've no need of the  
cast up - on Him ev - 'ry bur - den and care, And my heart strangely  
sound of His voice I am long-ing to hear; Then my spir - it shall

heart is still ten-der and mer - ci-ful, That His love not a shad-ow of  
sun, for the shade of night nev-er falls, And these man-i-fold splendors I  
warm when I feel that my Father knows; That His arms are around me, my  
rise, ev - er - more with my Lord to be, And the word He has giv'n is my

changing can know. O this let-ter from home, sweet let-ter from home, Precious  
soon shall be-hold. O this let-ter from home, sweet let-ter from home, Precious  
tri - als to share. O this let-ter from home, sweet let-ter from home, Precious  
comfort while here. O this let-ter from home, sweet let-ter from home, Precious

## A Letter from Home.

rit.

CHORUS.

let - ter from "home, sweet home." Then let prais-es be giv'n to our

Fa - ther in heav'n For His won-derful mess-age from home; There is  
"home, sweet home;"

naught in this world half so dear to my heart As this letter from "home, sweet home."  
"home, sweet home."

## II

## Evening Prayer.

G. W. SIEBERT.

BEETHOVEN.

1. Fa - ther, now the day is o-ver, — Wea-ry, worn, my - self I bring;  
2. Par-don all the day's transgressing, Cleanse from ev'ry stain of sin;  
3. Wipe a-way my tears of sor-row, Take me to Thy lov - ing breast,

My de-fense-less head, oh, cov - er "With the shad - ow of Thy wing."  
Lord, I come, my need con-fess-ing, "Make and keep me pure with-in."  
Make me stronger for the mor-row, Give me peace and ho - ly rest.

## My Beloved.

H. O. H. Duet.

(Solomon's Song.)

HATTIE O. HENDERSON.

1. At the side of my Be - lov - ed, Lean - ing on His arm,  
 2. Je - sus, Sav - ior, I a - dore Thee, I am whol - ly Thine;  
 3. Chief - est one a - mong ten thou - sand, Al - to - geth - er fair,

Walk I safe thro' darksome shad - ows With - out fear of harm.  
 Think I on - ly of Thy fa - vor, Pre - cious Sav - ior mine;  
 Walk - est Thou a - mong the lil - ies, With their fragrance rare;

When I'm weak His strength supports me, As He whispers words of cheer;  
 Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Let me lean up - on Thy breast.  
 Let me ev - er walk be - side Thee, Send, O send me not a - way;

And my hand He clasps so close - ly, Scat - ters ev - 'ry shad - ow drear.  
 Hold me lov - ing - ly, se - cure - ly, Let me find sweet peace and rest.  
 For I long to have Thee draw me Clos - er, clos - er ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.  
 Je - sus, Je - sus, my Be - lov - ed, send me not a - way; At Thy

## My Beloved. Concluded.

side, my pre - cious Sav - ior, Ev - er, ev - er let me stay.  
 O let me stay.

## Holy, Holy, Holy!

DOUGLAS MACMILLAN.

(Rev. 15: 3 &amp; 4.)

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Fa - ther, we a - dore Thee, for Thy gift that bought us, Tho' we once were  
 2. Darkness dense sur - rounds us, man can - not dis - cern Thee, None but those whom  
 3. Great and good Thy works are, Lord God Al - might - y! Mar - vel - ous, and  
 4. When Thy kingdom com - eth, when the books are o - pened, When Thy righteous

dead in sin, we now have life in Thee; May we live to serve Thee,  
 Thou hast touch'd, Thy truth and love can see; Few there be can praise Thee,  
 just and true, O King of saints, Thy ways; Who shall fail to fear Thee,  
 acts are known, Thy love made man - i - fest, Na - tions all shall seek Thee,

as our Lord hath taught us, Seek - ing to show Thy might and maj - es - ty.  
 most despise and spurn Thee, Yet, in due time, world - wide the song shall be.  
 Lord, and glo - ri - fy Thee; Thou a - lone art ho - ly; to Thy name be praise.  
 and bow down be - fore Thee, And, serv - ing Thee, shall be for - ev - er blest.

Mrs. E. C. HENNINGES.

E. C. HENNINGES.

1. There's a peace, sur-pass-ing sweet, To the trou-ble-d soul made meet, As the  
2. There's a light whose ra-diant beams Dull the splendor of our dreams, As the  
3. There's a love whose might-y pow'r Keeps the soul in per-il's hour, As a

dew of ev'ning to the parch-ed fields, So when day has tried us sore,  
ris-ing sun the glow-ing stars o'er-shades; So, with rush or can-dle dim,  
moth-er's arms se-cure her tim-id child; So when we, in time of need,

And the night dims all be-fore, Gracious peace the balm of heal-ing yields.  
When we seek to fol-low Him, Dawns the light of life that nev-er fades.  
Help and strength and succor plead, Love enfolds and keeps us un-de-filed.  
healing yields,

CHORUS.  
Would you have..... this { peace } for-ev-er? ..... Rest in  
Would you have { light } yes, for-ev-er,  
{ love }

Je - sus Christ, the Giv-er, ..... He will bless you, .....  
Rest in Je - sus Christ, the Giv-er, Christ the Giv-er, He will bless you

He will bless you, with the full-ness, the full-ness of His { peace, His peace.  
He will bless you, light, His light.  
love, His love.

## 15 Wonderful Blessing of Peace.

KATE ULMER.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. A won-der-ful bless-ing di-vine, Thro' Je-sus the Sav-ior is mine;  
2. My days once so drear-y and sad, He mak-eth un-speak-a-bly glad;  
3. I found it when at his dear feet I bowed in sub-mis-sion complete,  
4. When yon-der His face I shall see, The theme of my prais-es shall be;

My heart can no long-er re-pine, He gave me the bless-ing of peace.  
Of all the rich blessings I've had, There's none like the bless-ing of peace.  
My life now with joy is re-plete, The work of this bless-ing of peace.  
His love who hath giv-en to me, This won-der-ful bless-ing of peace.

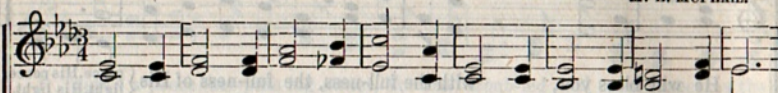
CHORUS.  
It's beau-ty is fill-ing my soul, While rest-ing in Je-sus' con-trol;

Like wave up-on wave doth it roll, This won-der-ful bless-ing of peace.

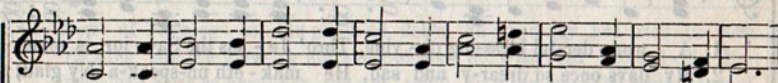
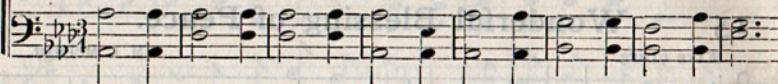
"I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."—Isa. 48: 10.

M. B.

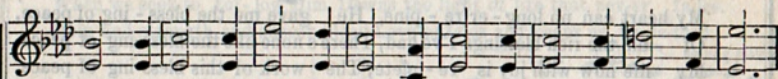
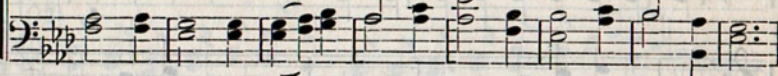
M. L. McPHAIL.



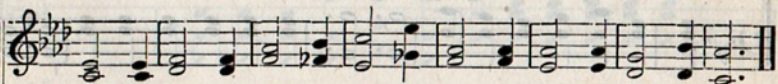
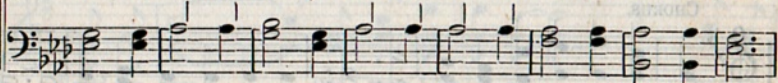
1. Chos-en, chos-en, thou art chos-en, In af-flic-tion's fur-nace tried;
2. As a ten-der fa-ther chasteneth E'en the child he dear-ly loves,
3. Ev-'ry time He smites or wounds us, 'Tis a to-ken of His love,



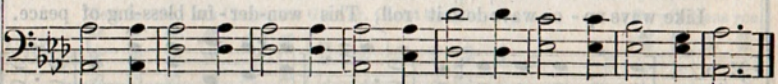
Is-rael's God hath prom-ised ev-er, He will be thy Shield and Guide.  
So the Lord our God in mer-cy Oft our faith by tri-als proves.  
Sent in mer-cy to as-sure us, We're re-mem-bered from a-bove.



Well He knew thy ev-'ry frail-ty, All thine in-most tho'ts could see;  
Oft He smites His way-ward chil-dren, When He sees they wan-der wide;  
In af-flic-tion's fur-nace chos-en, We an entrance blest shall gain;

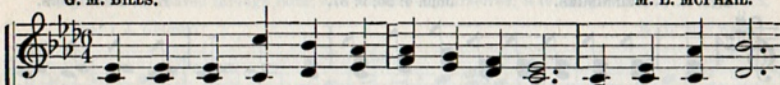


There-fore not in wrath, but mer-cy, Did He lay His hand on thee.  
Blights their homes and blasts their prospects, All to bring them to His side.  
Where, in-stead of grief and sor-row, Joy and peace e-ter-nal reign.

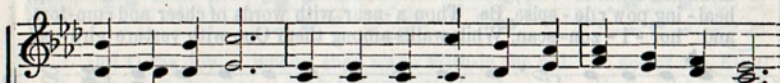


G. M. BILLS.

M. L. McPHAIL.



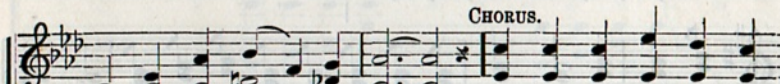
1. Those who re-mem-ber the in-fi-nite name, They shall be mine,
2. Those who are spreading the ti-dings of joy, They shall be mine,
3. Those who with-draw from the al-tars of pride, They shall be mine,
4. Those who for Je-sus re-proach-es can bear, They shall be mine,
5. Loy-al to Christ while en-vi-roned with sin, They shall be mine,



they shall be mine; Trust-ing the Lord a-mid tem-pest and flame,  
they shall be mine; Who for the Mas-ter their tal-ents em-ploy,  
they shall be mine; Fer-vent and hum-ble in spir-it a-bide,  
they shall be mine; Keep-ing their gar-ments un-spot-ted and fair,  
they shall be mine; Glo-ry e-ter-nal His fol-low-ers win,

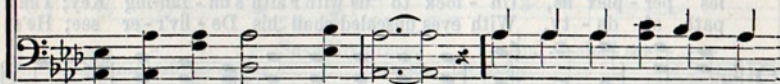


D. S.—Beau-ti-ful branch-es of Je-sus the Vine,

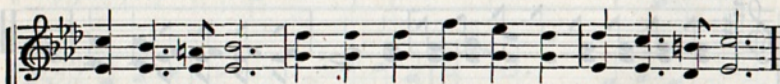


CHORUS.

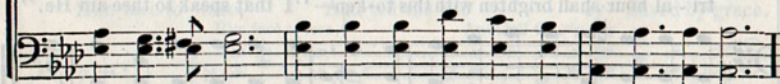
They shall be mine, be mine. They shall be mine saith the



Soon to be gath-ered home.



Fa-ther di-vine, Jew-els that shall in my di-a-dem shine;



Mrs. E. C. HENNINGES.

John 4: 26; 9: 37.

E. C. HENNINGES.

1. Dear Mas-ter, when we come with ves-sels emp - ty To fountains, we but  
2. Dear Lord, when Thou our blinded eyes hast o-pened, And one-time friends Thy  
3. The proud and haughty, still a sign re - quir - ing, In vain the zen - ith

drink and drink in vain; Be Thou with sat - is - fy - ing wa - ters wait - ing,  
heal - ing pow'r de - spise, Be Thou a - near with words of cheer and com - fort,  
and hor - i - zon scan, While walks among them One with vesture gird - ed,

That we may drink and never thirst a - gain. Our wayward hearts' true inward -  
To grant our saddest hour a glad sur - prise. And when life's sub - tle mys - ter -  
To wield the purg - ing and dis - cern - ing fan. But he who humbly treads the

ness dis - clos - ing, Con - strain our tim - id faith to hope in Thee; And  
ies per - plex us, Un - lock to us with Faith's un - fail - ing Key; That  
path of du - ty, With eyes unsealed shall his De - liv' - er see; He's

rit.

let us hear a - gain the gracious mes - sage, "I that speak to thee am He."  
we may hear from out the o - pen por - tals, "I that speak to thee am He."  
tri - al hour shall brighten with this to - ken—"I that speak to thee am He."

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."—Eph. 2:8.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;  
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be,  
3. Some day, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,  
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,

But O the joy when I shall wake With - in the pal - ace of the King!  
But this I know— my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.  
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.  
That when my Sav - ior ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the  
And I shall see Him face to face, And I shall see

sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see....  
and tell the sto - ry Saved by grace; And I shall see

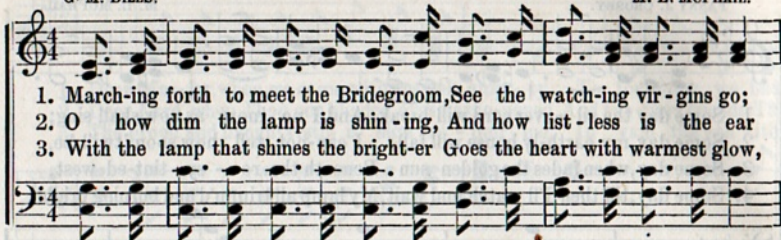
Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace.  
Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry

## 20 Going Forth to Meet the Bridegroom.

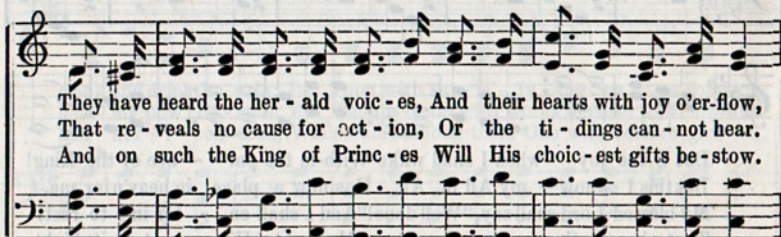
At his right hand there are pleasures forevermore. Ps. 16: 11.

G. M. BILLS.

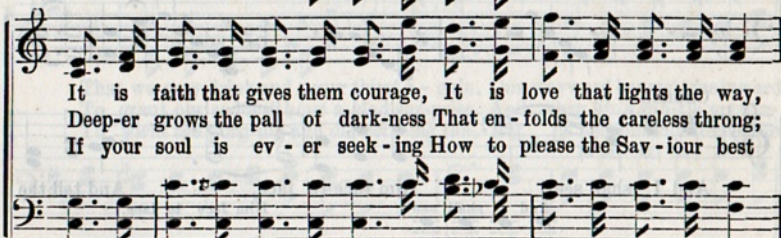
M. L. McPHAIL.



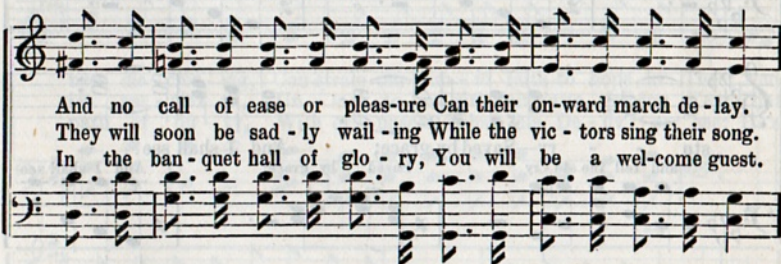
1. March-ing forth to meet the Bridegroom, See the watch-ing vir-gins go;
2. O how dim the lamp is shin-ing, And how list-less is the ear
3. With the lamp that shines the bright-er Goes the heart with warmest glow,



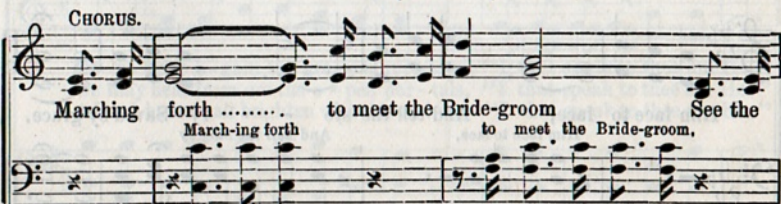
They have heard the her-ald voice-es, And their hearts with joy o'er-flow,  
That re-veals no cause for act-ion, Or the ti-dings can-not hear.  
And on such the King of Princ-es Will His choic-est gifts be-stow.



It is faith that gives them courage, It is love that lights the way,  
Deep-er grows the pall of dark-ness That en-folds the careless throng;  
If your soul is ev-er seek-ing How to please the Sav-iour best



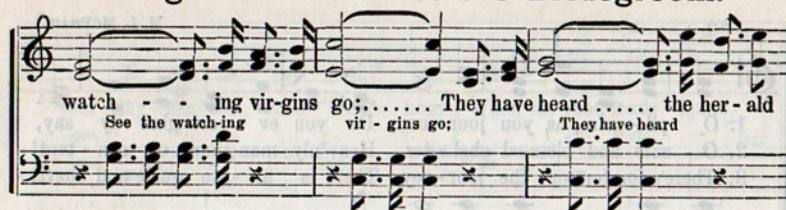
And no call of ease or pleas-ure Can their on-ward march de-lay.  
They will soon be sad-ly wail-ing While the vic-tors sing their song.  
In the ban-quet hall of glo-ry, You will be a wel-come guest.



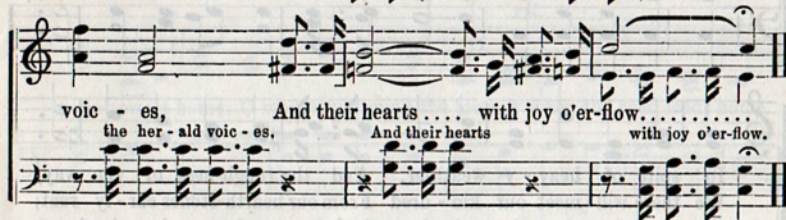
CHORUS.

Marching forth ..... to meet the Bride-groom See the  
March-ing forth to meet the Bride-groom,

## Going Forth to Meet the Bridegroom.



watch - - ing vir-gins go;..... They have heard ..... the her-ald  
See the watch-ing vir-gins go; They have heard



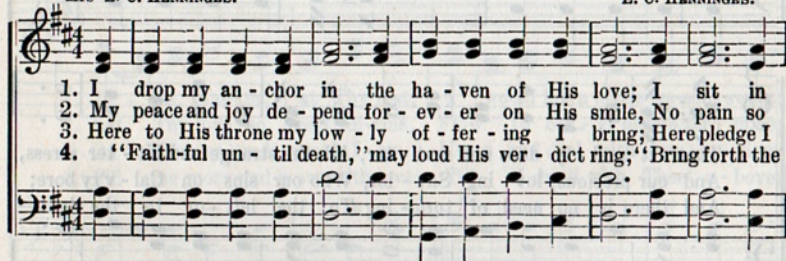
voice-es, And their hearts .... with joy o'er-flow.....  
the her-ald voice-es, And their hearts with joy o'er-flow.

21

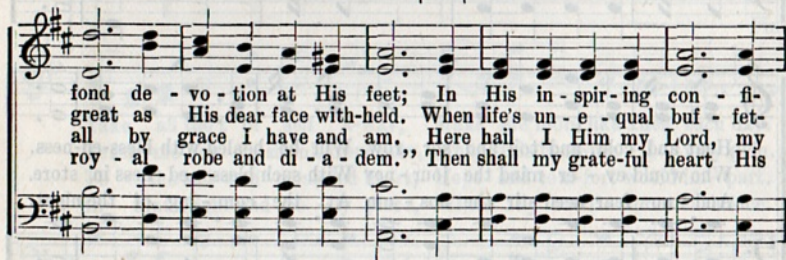
## Devotion.

Mrs E. C. HENNINGES.

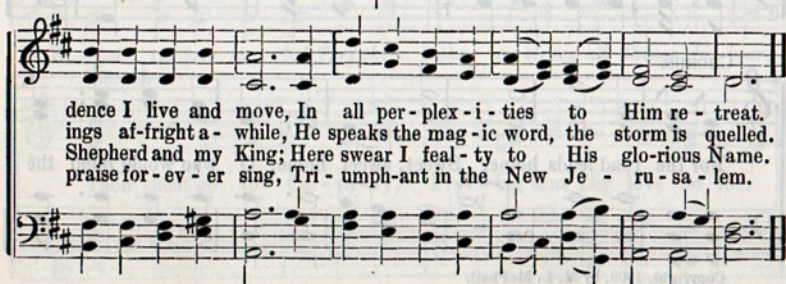
E. C. HENNINGES.



1. I drop my an-chor in the ha-ven of His love; I sit in
2. My peace and joy de-pend for-ev-er on His smile, No pain so
3. Here to His throne my low-ly of-fer-ing I bring; Here pledge I
4. "Faith-ful un-til death," may loud His ver-dict ring; "Bring forth the



fond de-vo-tion at His feet; In His in-spir-ing con-fi-  
great as His dear face with-held. When life's un-equal buf-fet-  
all by grace I have and am. Here hail I Him my Lord, my  
roy-al robe and di-a-dem." Then shall my grate-ful heart His



dence I live and move, In all per-plex-i-ties to Him re-treat.  
ings af-frigh-a-while, He speaks the mag-ic word, the storm is quelled.  
Shepherd and my King; Here swear I feal-ty to His glo-rious Name.  
praise for-ev-er sing, Tri-umph-ant in the New Je-ru-sa-lem.

Arr.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. O pil-grim, as you jour-ney, Do you ev-er glad-ly say,  
2. O safe and bless-ed shel-ter, Heav'nly man-sions of con-tent!  
3. There's comfort on the jour-ney, There is al-so guide and chart;

In spite of heav-y weath-er, And the rough-ness of the way;  
We there will meet our kin-dred From our hearth-stones ear-ly rent;  
There's wisdom for the ask-ing, And there's sol-ace for the heart;

That it real-ly does not mat-ter, All the strange and bit-ter stress,  
And our precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, Who our sins on Cal-v'ry bore;  
And there is no need of turn-ing To the left or to the right—

Heat and cold, and toil and sor-row, Will be healed with bless-ed-ness.  
Who would ev-er mind the jour-ney With such bless-ed-ness in store.  
And no fear need stir the bos-om At the com-ing of the night.

## CHORUS.

For the road leads home, Sweet, sweet home, O who would mind the

jour-ney when the road leads home; When the road leads home,

*rit.*  
sweet, sweet home, O who would mind the journey when the road leads home.

## 23

## Love's Lesson Sweet.

KATE ULMER.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Je-sus, Mas-ter, at Thy feet, I would learn love's les-sons sweet;  
2. Let Thy love so great, di-vine, Flow to oth-er hearts thro' mine;  
3. On Thine er-rands would I go, Heart and soul with love a-glow;  
4. Fill me more and more with love, Till I dwell with Thee a-bove;

*Fine.*  
Take all tho't of self a-way, Make me more like Thee each day.  
Teach me not to shrink from pain, That this bless-ing I may gain.  
To the sad and troub-led heart, Hope and com-fort would im-part.  
In that bright and ho-ly place, Where Thy love il-lumes each face.

D. S.—Let the love that led Thee there, Make me strong all things to bear.

## CHORUS.

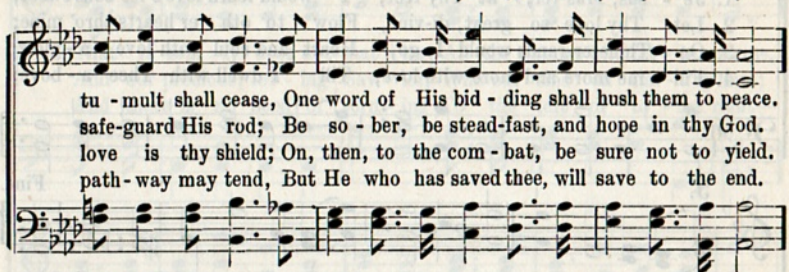
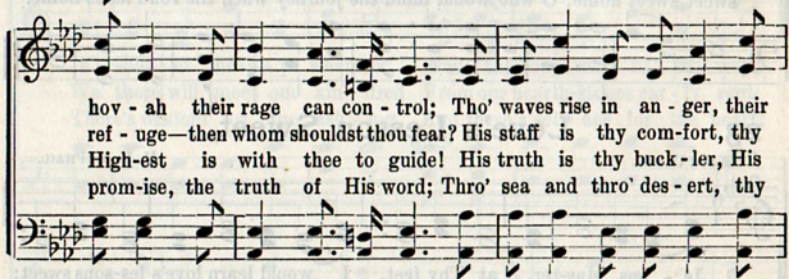
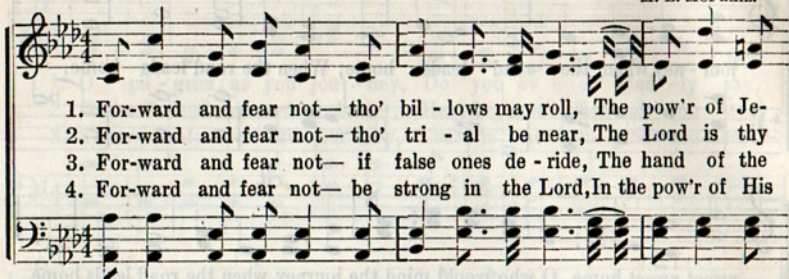
D. S.

Thou didst go to Cal-va-ry, Prov-ing thus Thy love for me:

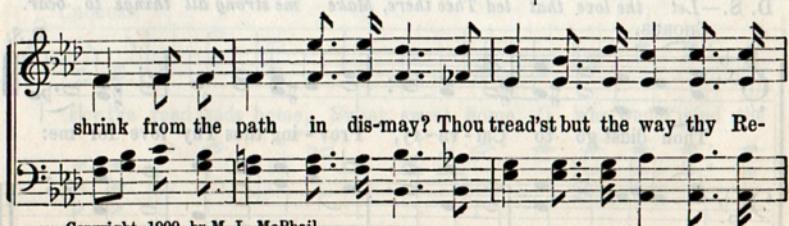
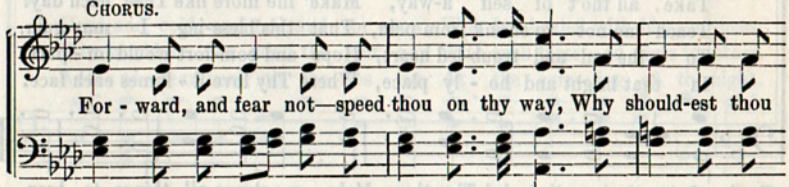
## Forward and Fear Not.

A. "Speak unto the Children of Israel that they go forward."—Exodus 14: 15.

M. L. McPHAIL.

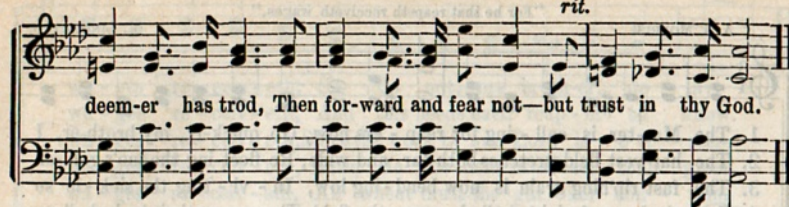


## CHORUS.



## Forward and Fear Not.

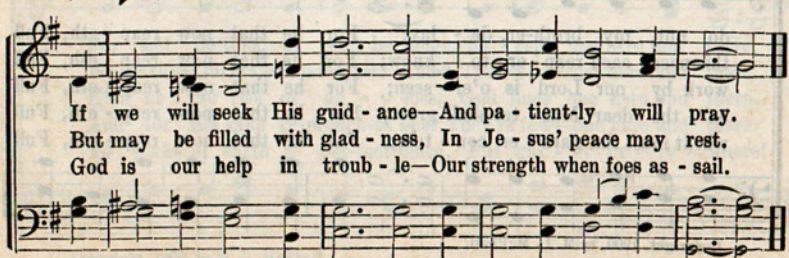
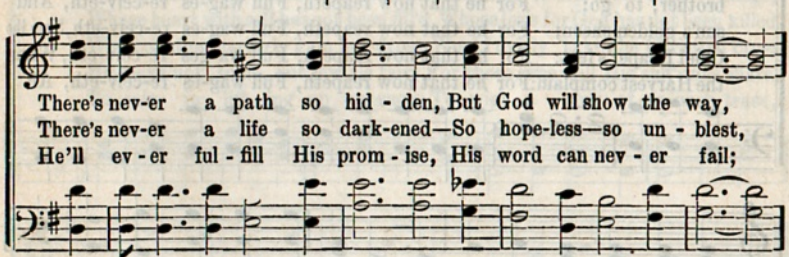
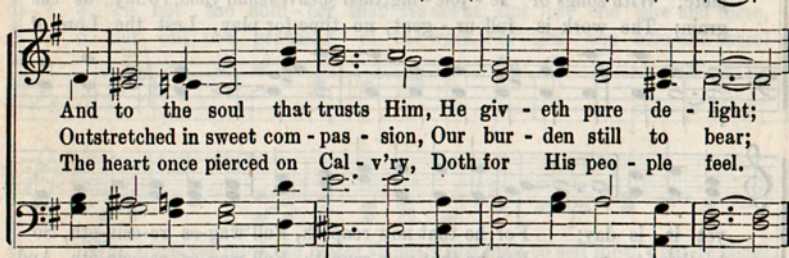
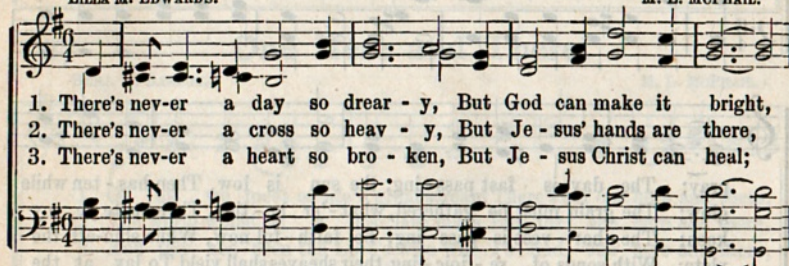
rit.



## 25 There's Never a Day so Dreary.

LILLA M. EDWARDS.

M. L. McPHAIL.



## The Call for Reapers.

A. J. MORRIS.

"For he that reapeth receiveth wages."

M. LINDSAY.

1. The Mas-ter is call - ing for reap - ers now, Go quick-ly, my broth-er, I  
 2. The har-vest fieldstretches both far and wide, Re-flect-ing the sun's gold-en  
 3. The fast rip'ning grain is now bend - ing low, In - vi - ting the sick - le so  
 4. Soon shadows of night shall ob - scure the field, The reapers their task shall com-  
 5. Then haste to the work while it waits to - day, With vig - or to gath - er the

pray; The day is fast pass - ing, the sun is low, Then has - ten while  
 glow; The grain must be gathered, what - 'er be - tide, Then haste ye, my  
 keen; The har - vest is pass - ing, be faith - ful now, While shin-eth the  
 plete; With songs of re - joic - ing, their sheaves shall yield, To lay at the  
 grain; The work is full ur - gent, no time for play, Lest the Lord of

yet it is day; For he that now reapeth, Full wag-es re-ceive-eth, So  
 brother, to go: For he that now reapeth, Full wag-es re-ceive-eth, And  
 sun's golden sheen; For he that now reapeth, Full wag-es re-ceive-eth, Since the  
 Chief Reaper's feet: For he that now reapeth, Full wag-es re-ceive-eth, When  
 the Harvest complain: For he that now reapeth, Full wag-es re-ceive-eth, All

do not, my broth-er, de - lay; For he that now reap - eth, Full  
 this needs each reap - er to know; For he that now reap - eth, Full  
 work by our Lord is o'er - seen; For he that now reap - eth, Full  
 he the dear Mas - ter shall greet; For he that now reap - eth, Full  
 wheat must the garn - er con - tain; For he that now reap - eth, Full

## The Call for Reapers.

wa - ges re - ceiv - eth: So do not, my broth-er, de - lay.  
 wa - ges re - ceiv - eth, And this needs each reap - er to know.  
 wa - ges re - ceiv - eth, Since the work by our Lord is o'er - seen.  
 wa - ges re - ceiv - eth, When He the dear Mas - ter shall greet.  
 wa - ges re - ceiv - eth, All wheat must the gar - ner con - tain.

27

## One Here and There.

BENJ. H. BARTON.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Of all we meet on life's great stream There's but one here and there,  
 2. The world would be a des-'late place But for one here and there,  
 3. And this has been the Lord's wise will To find one here and there,  
 4. 'Tis not the num - ber that He seeks, But just one here and there,  
 5. But oh! the grandeur of the work For this one here and there!

Who treasures most the better things: Each man to self most tight-ly clings,  
 Whose heart with self has not been fill'd, Whose love for God has not been killed,  
 Who, counting earth-ly gain but dross, Would dai-ly take the Christian cross  
 He seeks not souls, but jew-els fair; For those who will His sufferings share,  
 To join in lift - ing up our race, To wipe a - way of sin each trace,

For self he toils, of self he sings, Ex - cept one here and there.  
 Whose thankful praise has not been stilled, There's one such here and there.  
 E'en at the risk of an - y loss; God finds one here and there.  
 And for His sake re-proach-es bear; They're few—one here and there.  
 To make of earth a per-fect place, Put glo - ry ev - 'ry - where!

W. O. CUSHING.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. I ask not why..... some days are fair,..... Why some are  
2. By paths un - known..... to me He leads,..... Thro' des-ert  
3. It is His will..... and I am blest,..... With Him, my

*I ask not why some days are fair,*

filled..... with grief and care;..... I ask not why,.....  
wilds..... or flow-ery meads;..... Wher-e'er I go, .....  
God..... I leave the rest;..... By troubled seas, .....  
Why some are filled with grief and care; I ask not why,

but trusting still,..... I on-ly know..... it is His will....  
He leads me still,..... I on-ly know..... it is His will....  
by wa-ters still,..... I on-ly know..... it is His will....  
*but trusting still, I on-ly know it is His will.*

CHORUS.

It is His will,..... and I am sat - is-fied! It is His  
*It is His will, and I am ful - ly sat-is-fied!*

will,..... nor want I aught be-side; I ask not why,.....  
*It is His will nor want I aught on earth be-side; I ask not why.*

but trusting still,..... I on-ly know..... it is His will....  
*but trusting still, I on-ly know it is His will.*

## 29 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

"He shall save them, because they trust in him."—Ps. 37: 40.

LOUISA M. B. STEAD.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;  
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;  
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;  
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav-ior, Friend;

Just to rest up - on His prom-ise, Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."  
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleansing flood.  
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.  
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me till the end.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him; How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

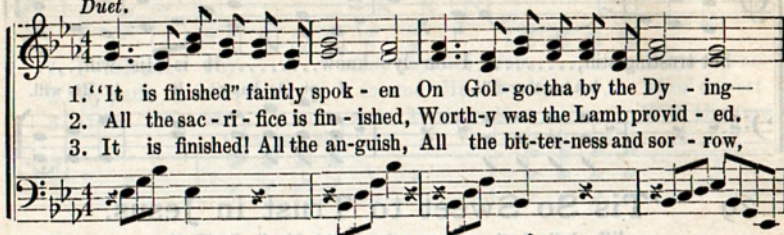
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

DOUGLAS McMILLAN.

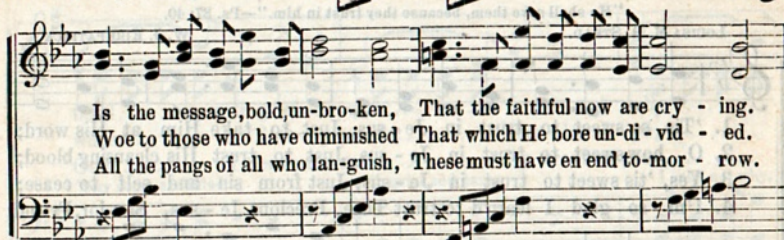
Heb. 7: 27; 9: 12, 26, 28; 10: 10.

M. L. McPHAIL.

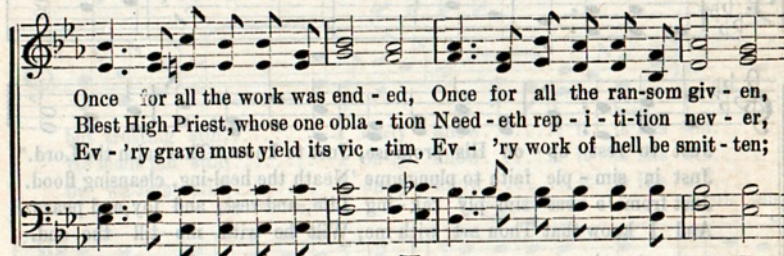
## Duet.



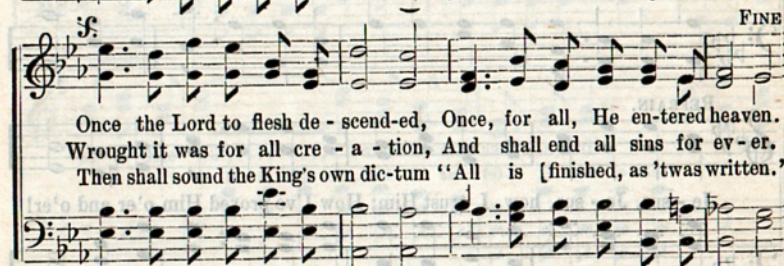
1. "It is finished" faintly spok - en On Gol-go-tha by the Dy - ing—  
 2. All the sac - ri - fice is fin - ished, Worth-y was the Lamb provid - ed.  
 3. It is finished! All the an-guish, All the bit-ter-ness and sor - row,



Is the message, bold, un-bro-ken, That the faithful now are cry - ing.  
 Woe to those who have diminished That which He bore un-di-vid - ed.  
 All the pangs of all who lan-guish, These must have an end to-mor - row.



Once for all the work was end - ed, Once for all the ran-som giv - en,  
 Blest High Priest, whose one obla - tion Need - eth rep - i - tion nev - er,  
 Ev - 'ry grave must yield its vic - tim, Ev - 'ry work of hell be smit - ten;

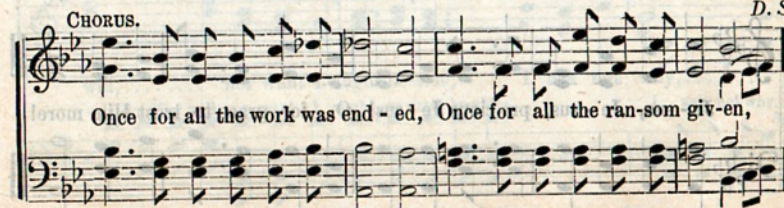


Once the Lord to flesh de - scend-ed, Once, for all, He en-tered heaven.  
 Wrought it was for all cre - a - tion, And shall end all sins for ev - er.  
 Then shall sound the King's own dic-tum "All is [finished, as 'twas written."

*D.S.—Once the Lord to flesh de - scend-ed Once, for all, He entered heaven.*

## CHORUS.

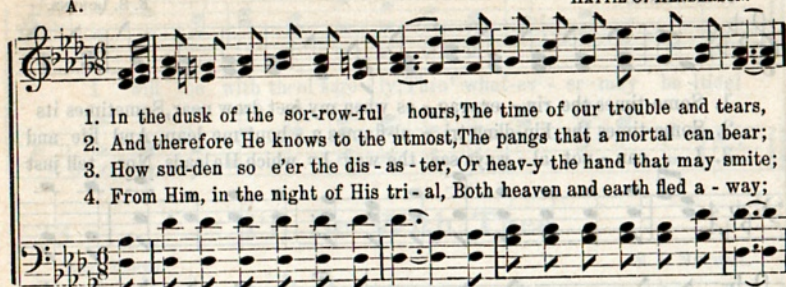
D. S.



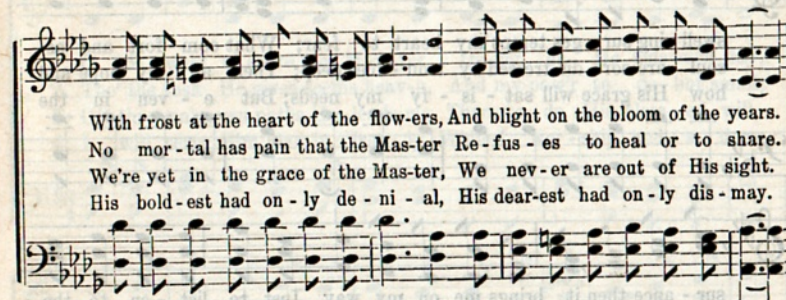
Once for all the work was end - ed, Once for all the ran-som giv - en,

HATTIE O. HENDERSON.

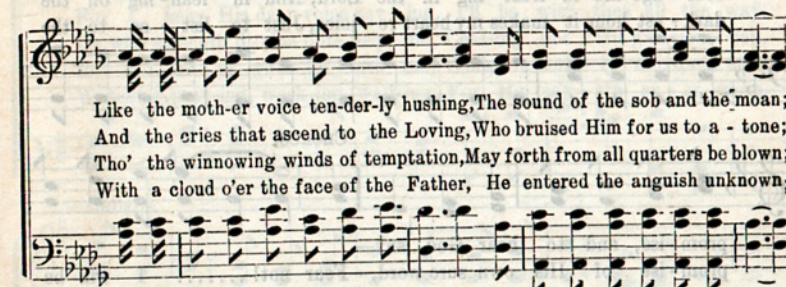
A.



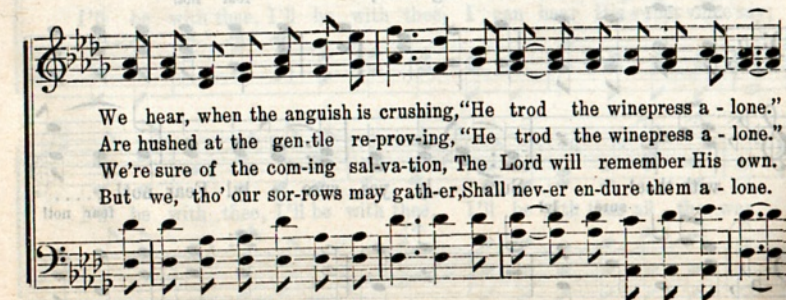
1. In the dusk of the sor-row-ful hours, The time of our trouble and tears,  
 2. And therefore He knows to the utmost, The pangs that a mortal can bear;  
 3. How sud-den so e'er the dis-as-ter, Or heav-y the hand that may smite;  
 4. From Him, in the night of His tri-al, Both heaven and earth fled a - way;



With frost at the heart of the flow-ers, And blight on the bloom of the years.  
 No mor-tal has pain that the Mas-ter Re-fus-es to heal or to share.  
 We're yet in the grace of the Mas-ter, We nev-er are out of His sight.  
 His bold-est had on - ly de - ni - al, His dear-est had on - ly dis - may.



Like the moth-er voice ten-der-ly hushing, The sound of the sob and the moan;  
 And the cries that ascend to the Loving, Who bruised Him for us to a - tone;  
 Tho' the winnowing winds of temptation, May forth from all quarters be blown;  
 With a cloud o'er the face of the Father, He entered the anguish unknown;



We hear, when the anguish is crushing, "He trod the winepress a - lone."  
 Are hushed at the gen-tle re-prov-ing, "He trod the winepress a - lone."  
 We're sure of the com-ing sal-va-tion, The Lord will remember His own.  
 But we, tho' our sor-rows may gath-er, Shall nev-er en-dure them a - lone.

## I Will Be With Thee.

J. K. WILSON.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Some-times the riv - er rag - es when my feet draw near, Sometimes its  
2. Some-times the kin-dling tri - al-flames a - bout me leap, And life and  
3. I can - not al - ways see the way by which He leads, Nor tell just

swell - ing sur - ges tempt my heart to fear; What com - fort and as -  
soul are sore dis-tressed by trou - bles deep; Then all my hope and  
how His grace will sat - is - fy my needs; But e - ven in the

sur - ance then it brings me on my way Just to list - en to the  
cour - age are in trust - ing in the Lord, And in lean - ing on the  
dark - est hour it makes my heart re - joice, Just to list - en to the

## CHORUS.

prom - ise, and to hear God say -  
prom - ise of His own sure word, — Fear not! ..... I will be  
mu - sic of His lov - ing voice, — fear not!

with thee! Sure - ly, yes, sure - ly! Fear not! .....  
sure - ly! fear not!

## I Will Be With Thee.

I will be with thee! sure - ly, Thro' what - ev - er may be - tide!

## I'll Be With Thee.

KATE ULMER.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. O 'tis sweet to serve the Mas - ter, Do - ing as He bids each day,  
2. Tho' the task He gives seems heav - y, And my pow'r to do but small;  
3. Oft thro' unknown paths He leads me, There to do His bless - ed will,  
4. I will serve Him glad - ly, free - ly, While I wor - ship and a - dore,

For I hear His dear voice say - ing, I'll be with thee all the way.  
He with strength di - vine doth help me, Ceas - ing not His gra - cious call.  
But He ev - er goes be - fore me, While He soft - ly whis - pers still.  
Watching, pray - ing, work - ing, wait - ing, For He say - eth ev - er - more.

## CHORUS.

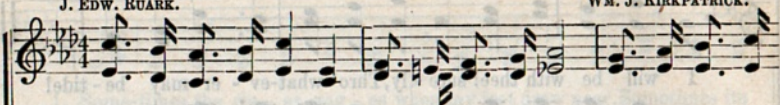
I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee, I can hear His sweet voice say;

I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee all the way.

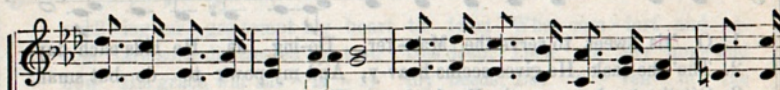
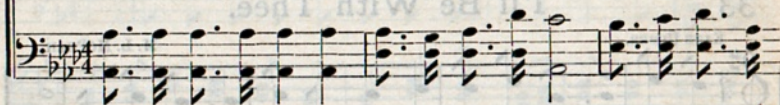
## You May Have the Joy-Bells.

J. EDW. RUARK.

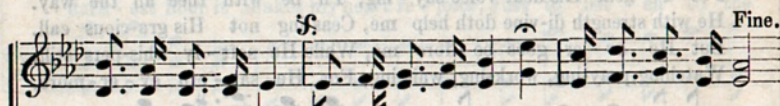
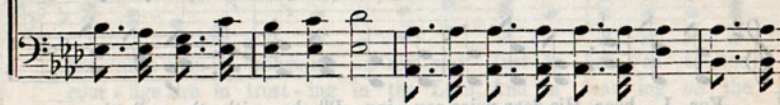
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



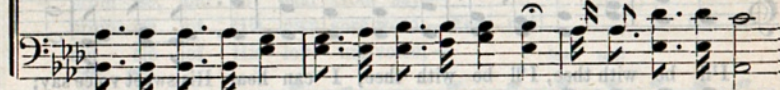
1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its full - ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri - als as you jour - ney home, Grace suf - fi - cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right to



from you nev - er will de-part. Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for those around you sweet-ly show. Words of kind-ness al-ways say, Deeds of He will give to o - ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye, He is ev - 'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win, If your

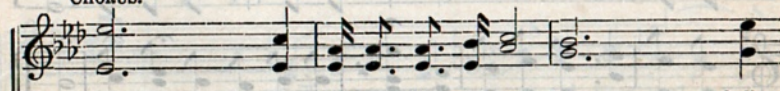


Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart. mer-cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart. with you, ev - er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart. life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.

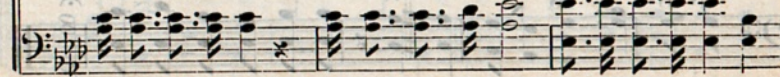


D. S.—He will keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.

## CHORUS.

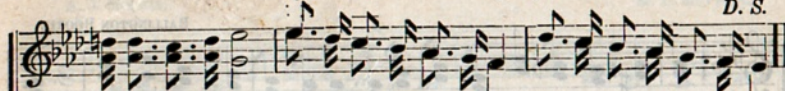


Joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - bells  
Ring-ing in your heart, You may have the joy-bells,

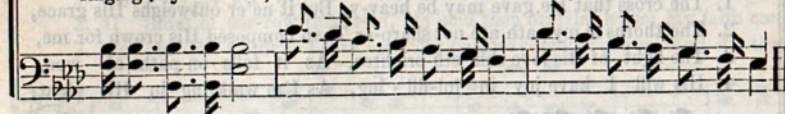


## You May Have the Joy-Bells

D. S.



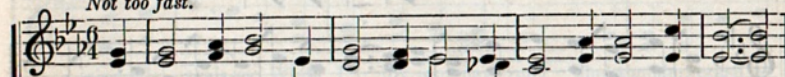
ringing in your heart; Take the Savior here below With you ev - 'rywhere you go,



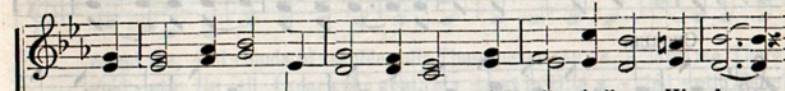
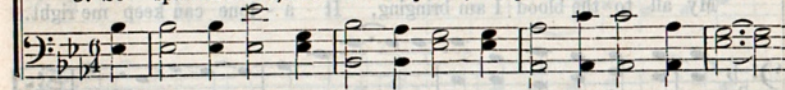
## Sweet Will of God.

FLORA KIRKLAND.  
Not too fast.

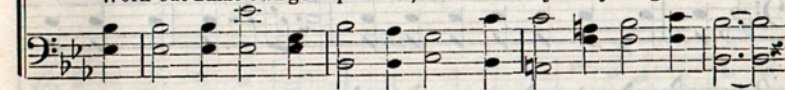
M. L. MCPHAIL.



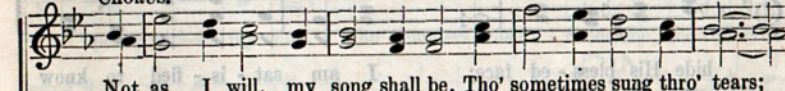
1. Sweet will of God, my ref - uge Thou, My safe a - bid - ing place,
2. Not as I will, tho' dark the way, I know my Lord is nigh;
3. Tho' from my life He seems to take What I tho't whol - ly blest;
4. Tho' sor - row fall up - on my life And dark-ness hide the light;
5. So spare me not, but do Thy will, Thy bless - ed will in me:



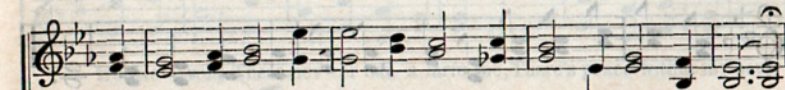
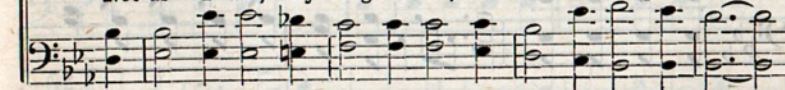
Till all the storms of life are past And I shall see His face.  
His pres-ence turn-eth night to day He hear-eth ev - 'ry sigh.  
'E'en if I might I would not choose, My Fa - ther know-eth best.  
'Tis bet - ter so; He can - not err! My Fa - ther's way is right.  
Work out Thine own good pleasure, till Mine eyes my King shall see.



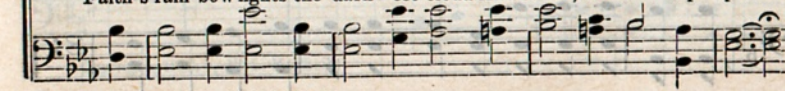
## CHORUS.



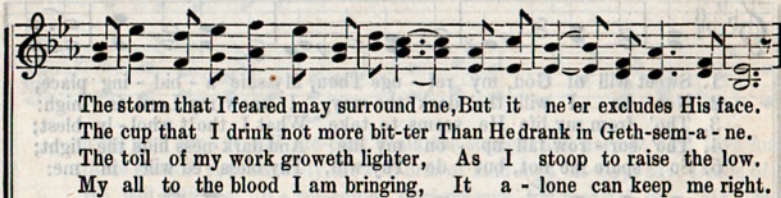
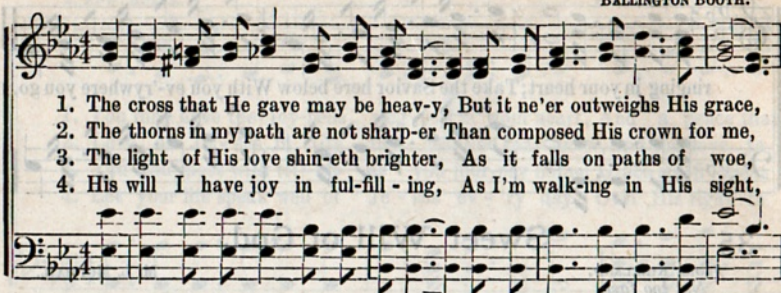
Not as I will, my song shall be, Tho' sometimes sung thro' tears;



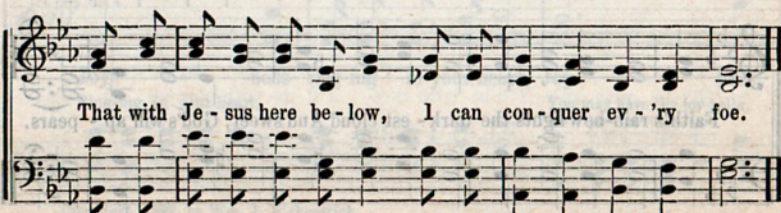
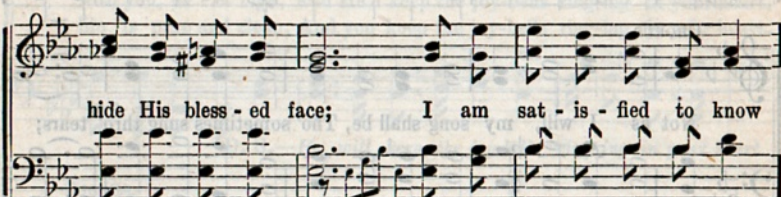
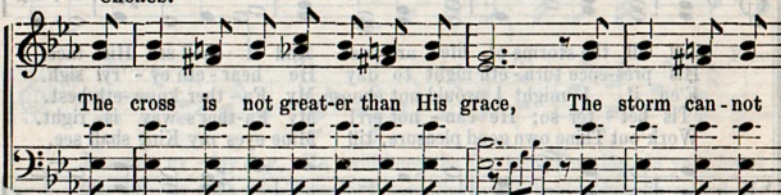
Faith's rain-bow lights the dark - est cloud And sweet, God's will ap - pears.



BALLINGTON BOOTH.

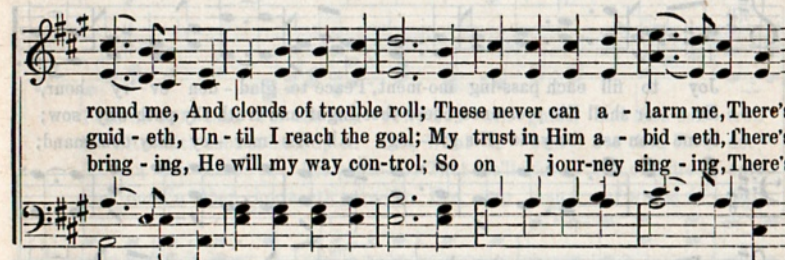
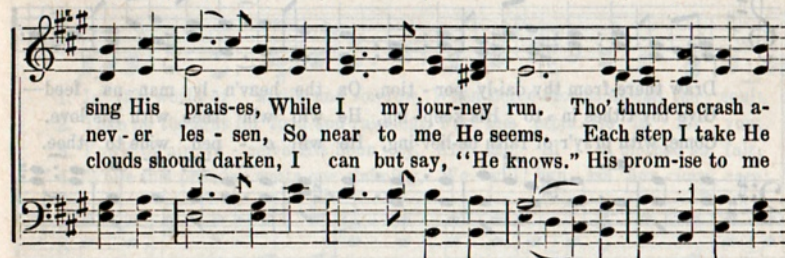
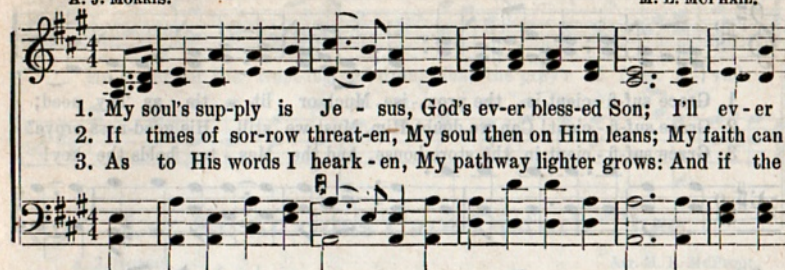


## CHORUS.

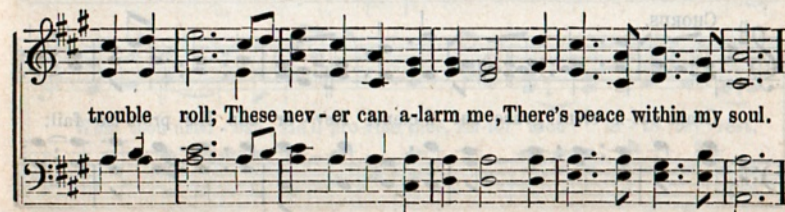
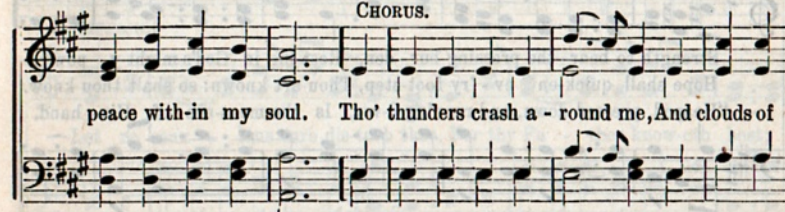


A. J. MORRIS.

M. L. MCPHAIL.



## CHORUS.



Mrs. E. C. HENNINGES.

E. C. HENNINGES.

1. Grace suf-fi - cient is the prom - ise, Much or lit - tle, as Thy need;  
2. Grace suf-fi - cient! Can we doubt Him, Must we still His good-ness prove?  
3. Grace suf-fi - cient in the store-house, And the Mas - ter holds the key!

Draw there-from thy dai - ly por - tion, On the heav'n - ly man - na feed—  
Give thy tithes in - to His keep - ing, He will win thee with His love.  
Come, with pray'r of faith be - liev - ing, He will o - pen wide to thee.

Joy to fill each pass - ing mo - ment, Peace to glad - den ev - 'ry hour,  
Ev - er shall His pres - ence cheer thee, Light and truth thy path - way sow;  
None can ask be - yond His giv - ing, All His mer - cy may com - mand;

Strength to bear the pressing bur - den, Rest - ing in God's might - y pow'r.  
Hope shall quick - en ev - 'ry foot - step, Thou art known: so shalt thou know.  
"Heaped, pressed down, and running o - ver," Is the meas - ure of His hand.

CHORUS.

Grace suf-fi - cient! grace suf-fi - cient! Nev - er can His prom - ise fail;

Ev - er for His trust - ing chil - dren, Shall the pray'r of faith a - vail.

## 39 Let No Anxious Care Disturb Thee.

A. J. MORRIS.

Arr. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. In this world of strife and sor - row, When fierce storms as - sail the soul;  
2. Take no thought for food and rai - ment, For this prom - ise is for you;  
3. Fowls of air re - ceive His boun - ty, And the lil - y, clothed so fair,  
4. While this promise waits our claiming, We will ban - ish anx - ious care:

Take no tho't then for the mor - row; God will guide, and thee con - trol.  
If with faith thou'lt lean up - on Him, What is best for thee He'll do.  
Is an ear - nest of His prom - ise, That He'll for His chil - dren care.  
For our Fa - ther know - eth sure - ly, Ere we can our wants de - clare.

REFRAIN.

Let no anx - ious care dis - turb thee, For thy Fa - ther know - eth best;

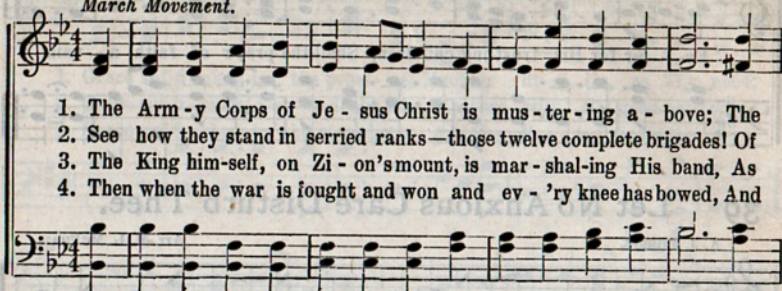
What thou need - est, He'll pro - vide thee, En - ter thou in - to thy rest.

## The Army Corps of Christ.

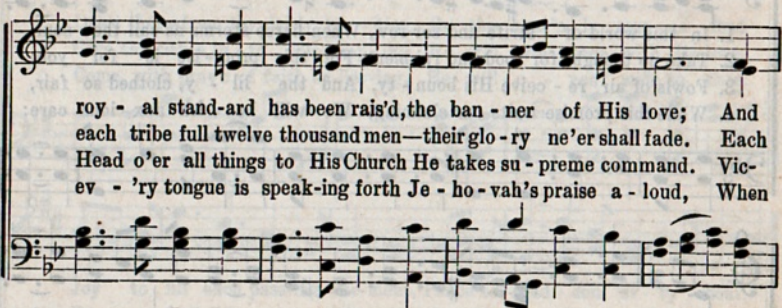
HORACE E. HOLLISTER.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

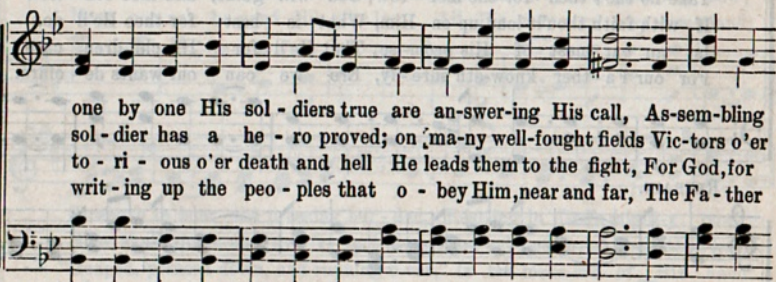
## March Movement.



1. The Arm-y Corps of Je-sus Christ is mus-ter-ing a-bove; The
2. See how they stand in serried ranks—those twelve complete brigades! Of
3. The King him-self, on Zi-on's mount, is mar-shal-ing His band, As
4. Then when the war is fought and won and ev-'ry knee has bowed, And

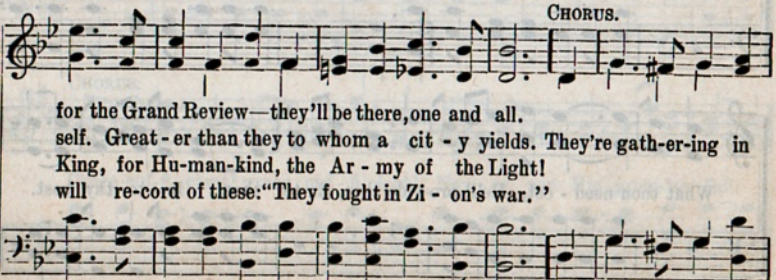


roy-al stand-ard has been rais'd, the ban-ner of His love; And  
each tribe full twelve thousand men—their glo-ry ne'er shall fade. Each  
Head o'er all things to His Church He takes su-preme command. Vic-  
ev-'ry tongue is speak-ing forth Je-ho-vah's praise a-loud, When



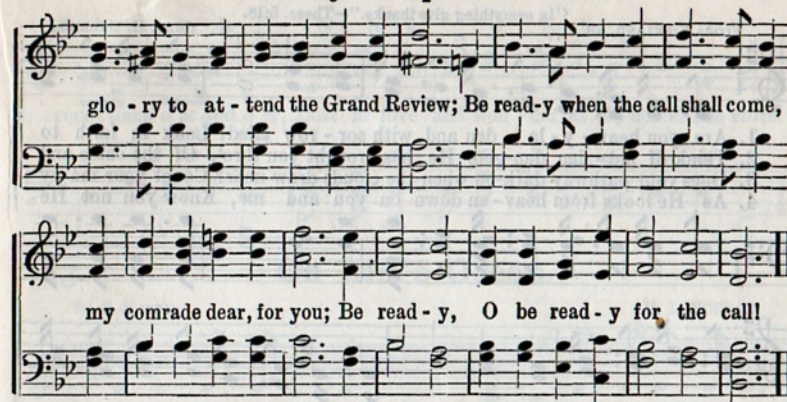
one by one His sol-diers true are an-swer-ing His call, As-sem-bling  
sol-dier has a he-ro proved; on 'ma-ny well-fought fields Vic-tors o'er  
to-ri-ous o'er death and hell He leads them to the fight, For God, for  
writ-ing up the peo-ples that o-bey Him, near and far, The Fa-ther

## CHORUS.



for the Grand Review—they'll be there, one and all.  
self. Great-er than they to whom a cit-y yields. They're gath-er-ing in  
King, for Hu-man-kind, the Ar-my of the Light!  
will re-cord of these: "They fought in Zi-on's war."

## The Army Corps of Christ.



glo-ry to at-tend the Grand Review; Be read-y when the call shall come,

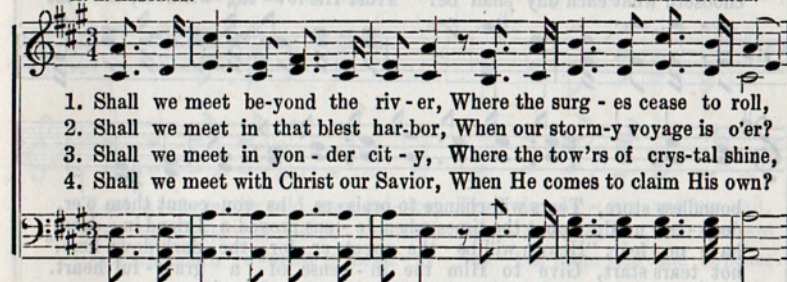
my comrade dear, for you; Be read-y, O be read-y for the call!

41

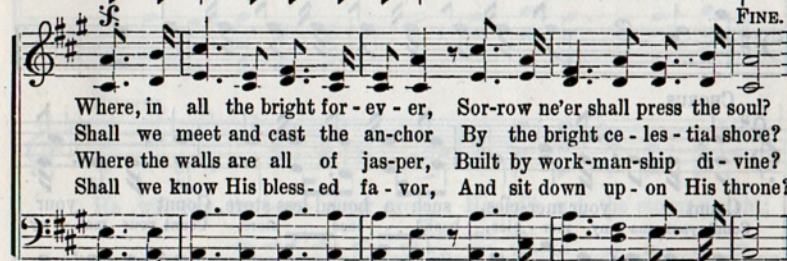
## Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS.

ELISHA S. RICE.



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll,
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine,
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?

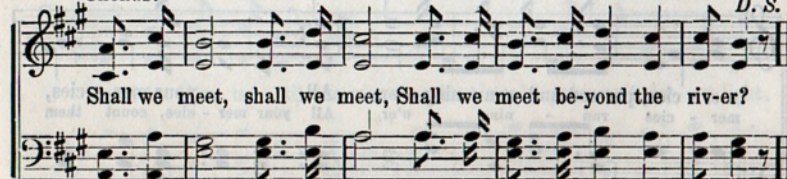


Where, in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?  
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the bright ce-les-tial shore?  
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?  
Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?

D.S.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?

## CHORUS.

D. S.



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?

## Count Your Mercies.

"In everything give thanks."—Thess. 5:18.

FLORA KIRKLAND, alt.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Are you heav - y - la - den and with sor - row tried? Look in faith to  
 2. Think of hid - den dan - gers He has brought you thro', Of the cares and  
 3. Does your pathway dark - en when the clouds draw near? Count your ma - ny  
 4. As He looks from heav - en down on you and me, Know you not He

Christ, your Helper, Friend and Guide; Think of all your mer - cies, such a  
 bur - dens He has borne for you, Of His words of com - fort in your  
 mer - cies, dry the flow - ing tear; Trust Him in the shad - ows dim and  
 chooseth what each day shall be? Trust His lov - ing wis - dom, tho' the

boundless store, Tears will change to prais - es as you count them o'er.  
 deep - est need, Count the times when Je - sus proved a Friend in - deed.  
 have no fear; "Heav'n will be the sweet - er for the dark down here."  
 hot tears start, Give to Him the in - cense of a grate - ful heart.

## CHORUS.

Count your mer - cies, such a bound - less store, Count your  
 Count your ma - ny mer - cies, bound - less store, Count your ma - ny

mer - cies, pressed and run - ning o'er, All your mer - cies,  
 mer - cies run - ning o'er, All your mer - cies, count them

## Count Your Mercies.

count them o'er and o'er, Lost in love and won - der at the bound - less store.  
 o'er and o'er,

## On Life's Ocean.

W. C. MARTIN.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Sail - or, on life's troubled o - cean Driv - en by the sweep - ing gale,  
 2. Soon the storms now sweeping o'er thee Shall be hush'd by one sweet word.  
 3. Faith - ful be thou then to du - ty Till the gloom and care shall cease,

Look a - bove the wild com - mo - tion: Trust in Je - sus and pre - vail.  
 And the waves that rise be - fore thee Shall be stilled by Christ the Lord.  
 And the morn re - veals in beau - ty Thy fair prom - ised land of peace.

## CHORUS.

He will dry the tears of sor - row; He will end the storm - y night;

Trust in Him un - til the mor - row Dawns with peace and pur - est light.

## The Good Shepherd.

Mrs. E. C. HENNINGES.

E. C. HENNINGES.

1. Good Shepherd, lead me in the way Thou know-est best, For Thou hast  
2. Kind Steward, feed me on the bread thou know-est well, For Thou hast  
3. Dear Mas-ter, call me by the name Thou gav-est me, For dai-ly

borne the bur-den of the day; Thou know-est where the ten-der  
hun-gered, and been sat-is-fied; Thou know-est when strong meat mine  
is Thy son-ship Thy de-light; Thou know'st the love the voice of

grass is sweet, Thou know-est where in shade the tree-tops meet,  
arm should nerve, Thou know-est when af-flic-tions I de-serve,  
love in-spires, Thou know'st its pow'r to kin-dle ho-ly fires,

*rit.* *tempo.*  
And ev-'ry se-cret, cool and safe re-treat; O lead me where un-  
And all my needs a-bun-dant-ly to serve. O tempt me with the  
And draw the soul till it to Thine as-pires. O teach me how to

*rit.*  
fail-ing wa-ters play, And at Thy feet con-tent-ed let me rest.  
fruits in Ca-naan spied, And near Thy store-house ev-er let me dwell.  
read Thy will a-right, And in Thy love a-bide e-ter-nal-ly.

## The Good Shepherd.

CHORUS.

Good Shepherd, lead me! Kind Shepherd, feed me! O, call me

by the name thou lov-est best! Nor let a stran-ger

lure me to dan-ger, But at Thy feet in safe-ty let me rest.

## 45 Precious Saviour, Heavenly King.

H. O. H.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Pre-cious Sav-iour, Heavenly King, We Thy prais-es glad-ly sing!  
2. Thou didst leave Thy heavenly home, As a serv-ant Thou didst come,  
3. Thou has bought us with Thy blood, Rec-on-ciled the world to God;  
4. Thou hast been ex-alt-ed now, At Thy name all knees shall bow;

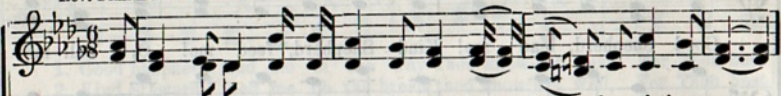
Laud Thy name with heart and voice—In Thy greatness we re-joice!  
Came a lost race to re-deem, E'en Thy life didst not es-teem.  
We are Thine—Do Thou us keep In Thy love so wide and deep.  
End-less life Thy bless-ing brings, Lord of lords and King of kings!

## Does Jesus Care?

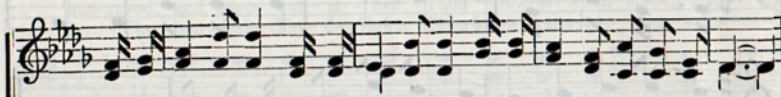
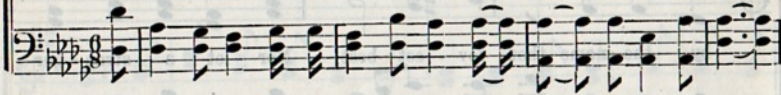
"The very hairs of your head are all numbered."—Matt. 10:30.

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

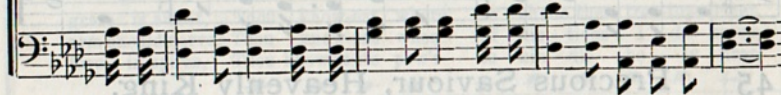
J. LINCOLN HALL.



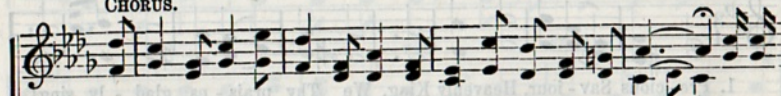
1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pain'd Too deep-ly for mirth or song;
2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a nameless dread and fear?
3. Does Je-sus care when I've tried and fail'd To resist some temptation strong?
4. Does Je-sus care when I've said "good bye" To the dearest on earth to me,



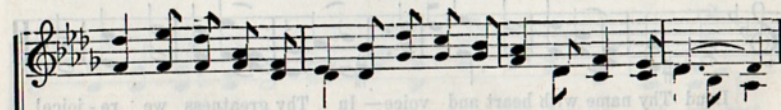
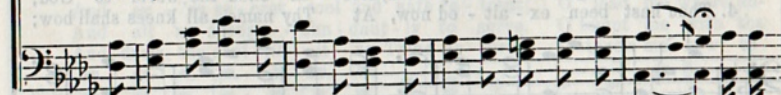
As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?  
 As the daylight fades Into dear night shades, Does He care enough to be near?  
 When in my deep grief I find no relief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?  
 And my sad heart aches 'Till it nearly breaks—Is this aught to Him? does He see?



## CHORUS.

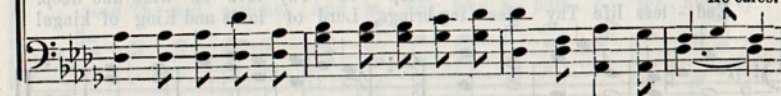


O Yes, He cares, I know He cares, His heart is touch'd with my grief; When the



days are wea-ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Sav - ior cares...

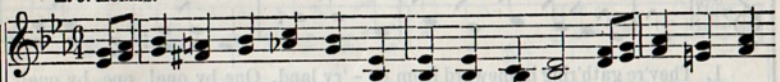
He cares.



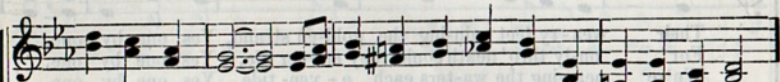
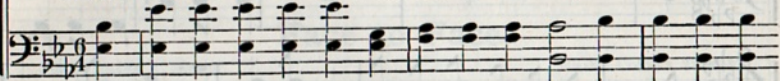
## He Careth for You.

A. J. MORRIS.

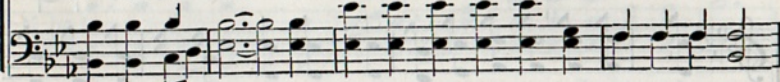
M. L. MCPHAIL.



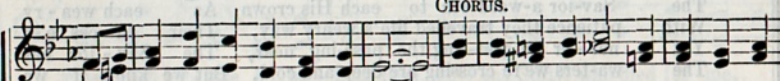
1. How blest is the mes-sage of heav-en-ly love, When sor-rows our
2. When clouds cast their shadows, ob-scur-ing the light, And faith fails to
3. Then why should I lin-ger in doubt or in fear, With this pre-cious
4. Such bless-ed as-sur-ance shall not be in vain, I'll trust Him what-



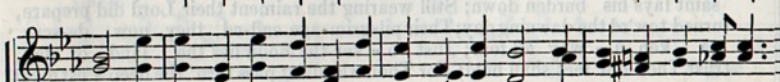
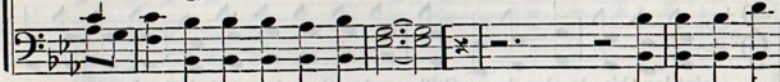
path-way pur-sue; Like an-gel-ic mu-sic it breathes from above,  
 pierce the mists thro'; Like sweet chiming ech-oes this prom-ise so bright,  
 mes-sage in view? For noth-ing can harm me when Je-sus is near,  
 ev-er I do: And deep in my heart this glad mes-sage re-tain,



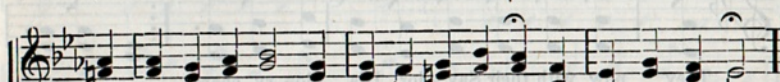
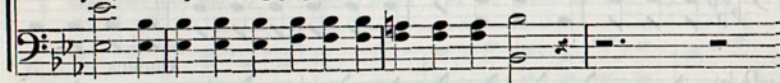
## CHORUS.



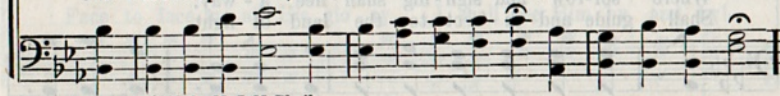
And whis-pers, "He car-eth for you."  
 As-sur-eth, "He car-eth for you." He car-eth for you, yes, car-eth for  
 Be-liev-ing "He car-eth for you."  
 Pro-claim-ing, "He car-eth for you."



you, Look up fainting pilgrim, He car-eth for you; Thy tri-als He knoweth,



His word keep in view, And list to the mes-sage, "He car-eth for you."



Arr. A. J. M.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. They're gath'ring homeward from ev - 'ry land, One by one! one by one!  
 2. In seeking their rest they pass thro' the strife, One by one! one by one!  
 3. We pilgrims who lin-ger with patience bide, One by one! one by one!  
 4. Our precious Re-deem-er, we look to Thee, One by one! one by one!

Their wea-ry feet gain-ing the gold-en strand, Yes, one by one.  
 For on-ly thro' death could they en-ter life, Yes, one by one.  
 We're near-ing the wa-ters each e-ven-tide, Yes, one by one.  
 We lift up our eyes and Thy glo-ry see, Yes, one by one.

The Sav-ior a-ward-eth to each His crown, As each wea-ry  
 With patience they travelled life's weary way, Their fa-cies e'er  
 Yet nev-er re-gret-ting the pass-ing, near, The Sav-ior has  
 The wa-ters we're crossing are deep and cold, But we know if we

saint lays his burden down; Still wearing the raiment their Lord did prepare,  
 turned tow'rd the dawning day; Their pil-grim-age end-ed, they now de-scry  
 ta - ken a - way all fear; Just o - ver the flood lies the land of day,  
 trust Thee our feet shall hold; For Thou who didst pass thro' the deep - est night,

CHORUS.

They now with their Sav-ior His glo-ry share.  
 The glo-ri-ous light in the East-ern sky. Gath'ring home,  
 Where sor-row and sigh-ing shall flee a-way.  
 Shall guide and di-rect to the land of light.

gath'ring home! Fording the riv - er one by one! yes, one by one!

49

## Face to Face.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.  
Moderato.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav-ior, Face to face—what will it be?  
 2. On - ly faint - ly now, I see Him, With the dark'ning veil be-tween,  
 3. What re-joic-ing in His pres-ence, When are banished grief and pain,  
 4. Face to face! O! bliss-ful mo-ment! Face to face—to see and know;

When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.  
 But a bless-ed day is com-ing, When His glo-ry shall be seen.  
 When the crook-ed ways are straighten'd, And the dark things shall be plain!  
 Face to face with my Re-deem-er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.

CHORUS.

Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be - yond the star-ry sky;

Face to face in all His glo-ry, I shall see Him by and by!

A. J. MORRIS.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Peace which floweth like a riv - er, Lulls my soul to sweet-est rest;  
 2. All life's tri - als light-er grow-ing, Just be-cause of peace with - in;  
 3. "Peace I give, my peace I leave thee, Such the world can ne'er re - ceive;"  
 4. When on ev - 'ry hand are fall-ing Thousands who've the truth un - seen;

On its cur-rent borne for - ev - er, Led by Him who know-eth best.  
 All life's les - sons bet - ter know-ing, Thus a - void-ing paths of sin.  
 And this prom-ise stirs with-in me, All He tells me I'll be-lieve.  
 And on "rocks and mountains call-ing," Peace shall keep my soul se-rene.

Ne - ver fear-ing storm or tri - al, E'en the bil - lows fierce-ly roll;  
 Sing-ing as I on - ward jour-ney, Trust-ing Him, the King I love;  
 Naught shall wrest from me this blessing, Which so cheers my on - ward way;  
 Oh, what ten-der love He shows me! Shelt'ring me on ev - 'ry side.

Thro' His grace there's no de - ni - al Of sweet peace with-in my soul.  
 And His peace I find with-in me, Such as an - gels know a - bove.  
 For His love so sweet, ca-ress - ing, Lights my path-way day by day.  
 Prom-is - ing, "My peace I leave thee," In this prom-ise I a - bide.

Peace! Peace! won - der - ful peace! Thro' ev - 'ry tri - al there's

won - der - ful peace; Peace like a riv - er, on - flow - ing for -

ev - er, Oh, what a bless - ing, such won - der - ful peace!

## 51

## The Lord is Good.

Mrs. E. C. HENNINGES.

ZEUNER.

1. The Lord is good; His name confess! In ceaseless streams His mercies flow;  
 2. The Lord is wise; Oh, learn of Him! From fountains deep His counsels rise;  
 3. The Lord is just; Oh, trust His word! For a - ges it un - changed has stood;  
 4. The Lord is kind, Oh, praise His name, In Him His saints may still confide;

His prov-i - den - ces heal and bless, And rich the gifts His hands be-stow.  
 No step shall lag, no eye grow dim, Which on His wisdom's aid re - lies.  
 His cov-en - ant brings sweet ac-cord With all who own its seal-ing blood.  
 The flesh may fail; He knows our frame, And keeps us safe-ly at His side.

A. J. MORRIS.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Trav'ling on the way to glo-ry, So well known in song and sto-ry,  
2. Ev-'ry day it draweth near-er, And the pathway shin-eth clear-er,  
3. With the chart He now has giv-en, Point-ing out the way to heav-en,  
4. With His wis-dom then to guide me, And His gen-tle voice to chide me,

I'm sus-tained by that sweet hope which never fails to cheer the soul;  
While my feet tho' worn and wea-ry press-eth for-ward to the end;  
Tho' night's shadows should encompass, there's no need to lose my way;  
I shall walk with cir-cum-spec-tion till I gain those gates so fair;

With the eyes of faith be-hold-ing, See the gates of pearl un-fold-ing,  
In that bless-ed rest con-fid-ing, Soon shall I be safe-ly hid-ing,  
For the glorious beams so cheering, Light the bless-ed goal I'm near-ing,  
With His hand so safe-ly lead-ing, All His coun-sels I'll be heed-ing,

Where the songs of New Je-ru-sa-lem in end-less ech-o-es roll.  
Where the wel-come from the Fa-ther with the songs of heav-en blend.  
And my heart grows light in know-ing, just be-fore me dawns the day.  
And when the gates I've en-tered, I shall then be-hold Him there.

CHORUS.

To my "Home, sweet home," Yes, the path-way lead-eth home;  
my home, sweet home,

Tho' it be be-set with tri-als, still the path-way lead-eth home;

With the eyes of faith be-hold-ing, See the gates of pearl un-fold-ing,

And the path-way lead-eth on-ward to my "Home, Sweet Home."

Arr. by Dr. MASON.

1. Day by day the man-na fell: Oh, to learn this les-son well!  
2. "Day by day" the prom-ise reads; Dai-ly strength for dai-ly needs;  
3. Lord, our times are in Thy hand; All our sanguine hopes have plann'd,  
4. Thou our dai-ly task shalt give; Day by day to Thee we live;

Still by con-stant mer-cy fed, Give us, Lord, our dai-ly bread.  
Cast fore-bod-ing fears a-way; Take the man-na of to-day!  
To Thy wis-dom we re-sign, And would mold our wills to Thine.  
So shall add-ed years ful-fill Not our own, our Fa-ther's will.

GURDON ROBINS.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In vis-ions of en-rap-tured tho't,  
2. A land up-on whose blissful shore There rests no shad-ow, falls no stain;  
3. Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light;  
4. There sweeps no des-o - la-ting wind A-cross the calm, se-rene a - bode.

So bright, that all which spreads between Is with its radiant glo - ries fraught.  
There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a - gain.  
It hath no need of suns, to rise To dis - si-pate the gloom of night.  
The wand'rer there a home may find With-in the par-a - dise of God.

## CHORUS.

Oh, land of love,..... of joy and light,.... Thy glories  
Oh, land of love, of joy and light,

gild.... earth's darkest night; Thy tranquil shore, we, too, shall  
Thy glories gild earth's darkest night, earth's darkest night; Thy tranquil shore,

see,.... When day shall break... and shad-ows flee.  
we, too, shall see. When day shall break

A. J. MORRIS.

Arr. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Joy a - bid - eth in my heart, When my Lord I see; Naught else  
2. Joy which makes all na-ture fair, When my Lord I see; Soft and  
3. Soft - ly zeph-yrs then shall blow, When my Lord I see; Ev - 'ry-  
4. Saints to gath-er o - ver there, When my Lord I see; In His

can such joy im-part, When my Lord I see. Joy which nev - er  
balm-y then the air, When my Lord I see. Bird songs trill-ing  
thing in beau - ty grow, When my Lord I see. Earth to be a  
glo - ry then to share, When my Lord I see. Crys - tal wa - ters

fades a-way, Joy that e'er my heart doth sway; To re-joice in  
soft and sweet, Blos-soms fair the sight to greet; Friendship then to  
gar - den fair, Lus-cious fruits man-kind may share; Peace a - bid-ing  
from the throne, Free - ly, giv'n to all who come; Such sweet joy was

Small notes 2d time.

FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.

end-less day, When my Lord I see.  
be complete, When my Lord I see. There is joy, there is joy,  
ev-ry-where, When my Lord I see.  
nev-er known, When my Lord I see.

ISAAC WATTS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join  
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But  
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sac - red sweets, Be -  
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,  
chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King,  
fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,  
march - ing thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're march - ing thro' Im - man - uel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.  
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.  
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.  
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're  
We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.  
Zi - on, Zi - on,

Used by permission.

KATE ULMER.

M. LINDSAY.

1. I'm trust - ing in Je - sus, and O, it is sweet, To see how in  
2. When troub - le as - sails me He giv - eth re - lief, In sor - row He  
3. When rough seems the pathway I lean on His arm, With Him close be -  
4. I'm trust - ing in Je - sus my dear Friend di - vine, My heart is re -

wis - dom each need He doth meet; His grace is suf - fi - cient, His mer - cy is  
comforts, and ban - ish - es grief; In weakness He strengthens, in dark - ness gives  
side me no e - vil can harm; He nev - er grows wea - ry, nor turns me a  
joic - ing to know He is mine; I'll trust Him for - ev - er thro' sunshine and

D. S.—nev - er will fail we, no change doth He

FINE. CHORUS.

sure, His love is un - bound - ed and aye will en - dure.  
light, Di - rect - ing my footsteps and guid - ing a - right. I'm trust - ing in  
way, But lov - ing - ly guard - eth by night and by day.  
shade, Un - til in His like - ness in heav - en ar - rayed.

know, I'm safe in His keep - ing wher - ev - er I go.

D. S.

Jesus, He car - eth for me, Each want He supplieth what - e'er it may be: He

Copyright, 1909, by M. L. McPhail.

JAMES ROWE.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Riv - ers of bless - ing are flow - ing Out from God's o - cean of love,  
 2. Wait - ing to wel - come his loved one, Read - y to an - swer each plea—  
 3. Naught from our souls is with - hold - en, Free - ly the Sav - ior im - parts  
 4. O what a gra - cious Re - deem - er, Je - sus, the friend of our race!

O - ver the hearts of the ran - somed Bound for the cit - y a - bove.  
 This is the Sav - ior who suf - fered Free - ly for you and for me,  
 All that we need, ask - ing on - ly Love from the deeps of our hearts.  
 How we should love him and serve him, Prais - ing his won - der - ful grace!

## CHORUS.

Riv - ers of bless - ing which nev - er will cease, Riv - ers of

mer - cy, of rapt - ure and peace; Beau - ti - ful streams that will.

dai - ly in - crease, Flow - ing for you and me.  
 Free - ly

A. J. MORRIS.

T. J. COOK.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Christ is ours, Blessed the faith that naught o'erthrows,  
 2. Bless - ed the prom - ise God hath giv'n, Bless - ed the hope laid up in heav'n,  
 3. Bless - ed the work our hands have found, Bless - ed the ti - dings that we sound;  
 4. Bless - ed the time now draw - ing near, Bless - ed when we with him ap - pear;

Bless - ed the ev - er - bright'ning day, Bless - ed the truth that guides our way.  
 Bless - ed the Word which strengthens faith, Bless - ed the Christ who conqur'd death.  
 Bless - ed the har - vest sheaves we bear, Bless - ed re - ward in which we share.  
 Bless - ed the songs redeem'd ones sing, Bless - ed o'er all our Present King.

Blessings that drive a - way all care, Blessings so free that all may share.  
 Blessings wher - e'er we turn our eyes, Fill - ing our soul with glad sur - prise.  
 Blessings we scarce can un - der - stand, Fall - ing from our dear Fa - ther's hand.  
 Blessings He brings to all man - kind, Who may in Him for - give - ness find.

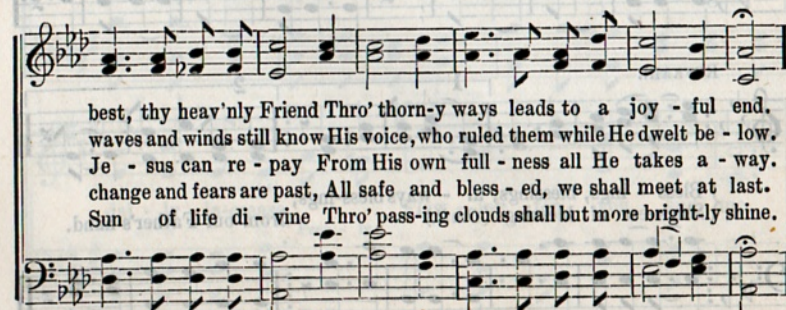
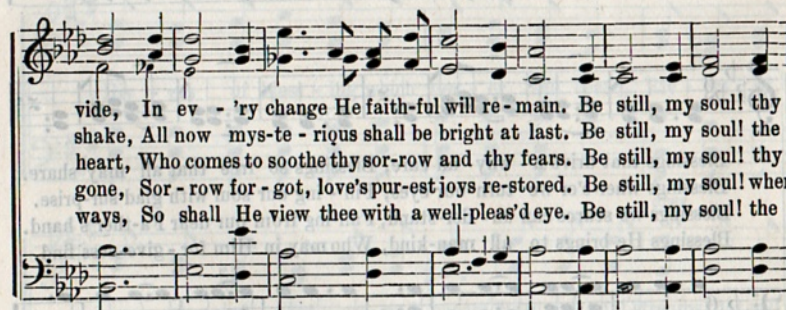
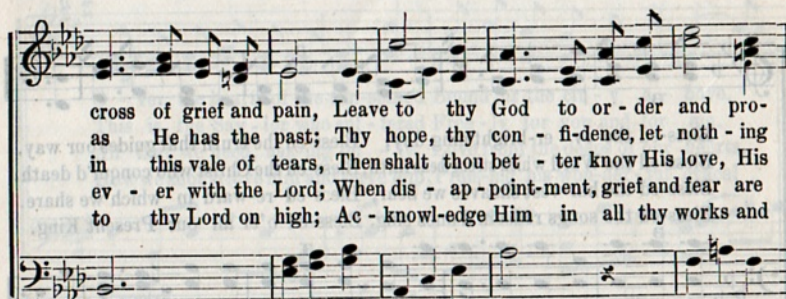
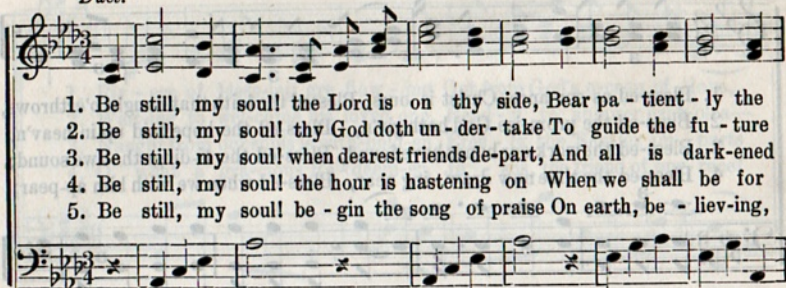
## REFRAIN.

1. { Bless - ings, blessings, al - ways blessings;  
 2. { Show - ers of blessings (Omit.) from our Father's hand.

"In your patience possess ye your souls."—Luke 21:19.

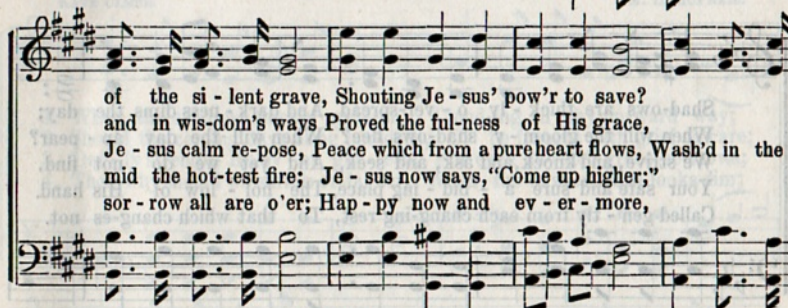
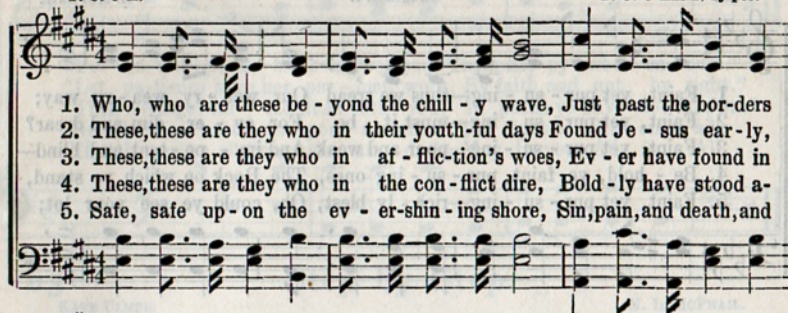
M. L. McPHAIL.

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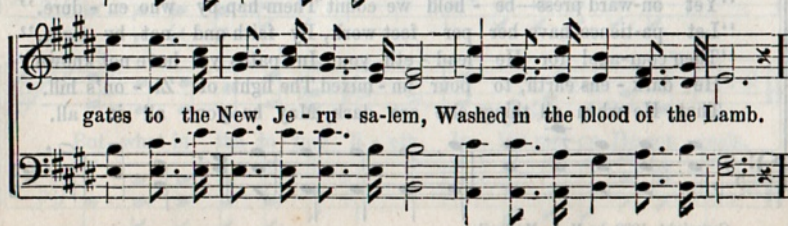
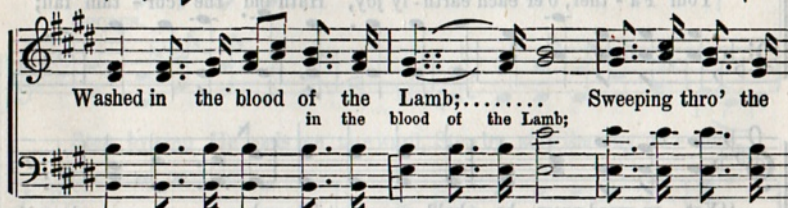
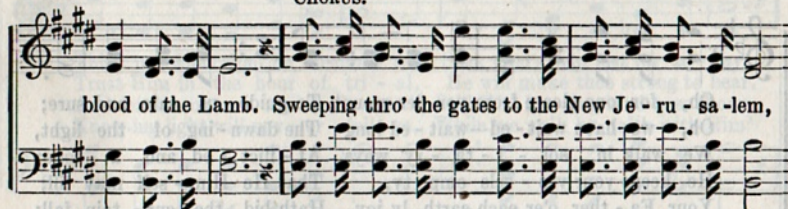


T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



CHORUS.



A.

Judges 8:4.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Faint, yet pur - su - ing—thus we tread Our wea - ry, wea - ry way;  
 2. Faint, yet pur - su - ing—must it be For ev - er dim and drear?  
 3. Faint, yet pur - su - ing—poor and weak, And im - po - tent and blind—  
 4. Be - hold, ye faint, pur - su - ing ones, The Rock on which ye stand,  
 5. Faint, yet pur - su - ing—rich - ly blest, Oh, could ye see your lot;

Shad - ows are thick - ly o - ver - spread, And dark - ness dims the day;  
 When will the gloom - y shad - ows flee? When will the day ap - pear?  
 We strive, and knock, and ask, and seek, And yet we do not find.  
 Your safe and sure a - bid - ing place, The hol - low of His hand.  
 Called gen - tly from each chang - ing rest, To that which chang - es not.

Oh, for one gleam from yon - der mount, To guide us safe and sure;  
 Oh, we have wait - ed—wait - ed long The dawn - ing of the light,  
 We walk in sol - i - ta - ry ways, Af - flict - ed and a - lone;  
 He keeps your ves - sels emp - ty, That He Him - self may fill;  
 Your Fa - ther, o'er each earth - ly joy, Hath bid the cur - tain fall;

"Yet on - ward press—be - hold we count Them hap - py who en - dure."  
 "Let pa - tience have her per - fect work, By faith and not by sight."  
 "Then cour - age! for He lead - eth you, In paths ye have not known."  
 He dark - ens earth, to pour un - mixed The light of Zi - on's hill.  
 That He when all things else are dark, May be your all in all.

"Yet on - ward press—be - hold we count Them hap - py who en - dure."  
 "Let pa - tience have her per - fect work, By faith and not by sight."  
 "Then courage! for He lead - eth you, In paths ye have not known."  
 He dark - ens earth, to pour un - mixed The light of Zi - on's hill.  
 That He, when all things else are dark, May be your All in All.

63

## Step by Step.

KATE ULMER.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. When the shadows thickly gath - er, Cloud - ing all thy on - ward way;  
 2. Should the coming days bring bur - dens, Or be fraught with grief or care;  
 3. Dai - ly strength He ev - er giv - eth, For each day rich grace be - stows;  
 4. Then why should we shrink or fal - ter, When the onward path looks dim;

Think not what shall be to - mor - row, Seek God's help just for to - day.  
 Trust Him in the hour of tri - al, He will make thee strong to bear.  
 And each mor - row as it dawn - eth, Still His lov - ing kind - ness shows.  
 Know - ing light will nev - er fail us, While we walk by faith with Him?

CHORUS.

Step by step He leads me on - ward, Step by step the way re - veals;

But what in the fu - ture li - eth, In His mer - cy He con - ceals.

DOUGLAS MACMILLAN.

Heb. 13: 13.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Let us go forth to Him, with - out the cit - y, With-out the  
 2. Let us go out—out from earth's pomp and pleas-ure, Be-yond the  
 3. Let us go out to Him; there is no oth - er, The blood of  
 4. Let us go hence, for here we are but stran-gers, Pil-grims in  
 5. Let us go seek that cit - y whose Cre - a - tor Is God Most

camp, where for us all He died. Let us go thence, not heeding praise nor  
 gates where nev-er earth's great go. Let us go bold-ly—we who lay up  
 goats, and rams, and bulls were vain. Let all our boast-ing be in Him, our  
 tents, who seek some Fa-ther-land. Let us go forth to Him who faced our  
 High, who dwells but with the pure. Let us approach Him thro' our Med-i-

D. S.—With-out the camp to Him to bear re-

FINE. CHORUS.

pit - y, Tak-ing our cross, that self may be de-nied.  
 treasure—To bear reproach for Him who loved us so.  
 Brother, Whose ashes sprinkled purge our souls from stain. Then go ye forth to  
 dangers,—Our great High Priest will lead us by the hand.  
 a - tor, And pray that we in all things may en-dure.

proaches, And then with Him to share the grand re-ward.

D. S.

fol-low af-ter Je-sus, For ye are called to suf-fer with your Lord;

F. E. B.

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F. E. Belden.

1. O bless-ed rest, when we re-cline On nev-er fail-ing pow'r di-vine,  
 2. Al-might-y strength! but stronger yet The love that nev-er can for-get:  
 3. Be-yond the mountain peaks that rise A-bove the clouds that veil the skies,  
 4. Who trusts His word hath clearest sight, Who trusts His pow'r hath greatest might,  
 5. Man fail-eth man in trouble's hour, As fails at noon the fee-ble flow'r:

God's might-y arms en-fold-ing us, The arms that hold the un-i-verse!  
 Un-fath-om'd o-c-ean, calm and broad! A-maz-ing mer-cy of our God!  
 Look up! the high-est won-der see,—God's love that fills e-ter-ni-ty.  
 Who trusts His love doth nev-er bear The heart of doubt, the brow of care.  
 Who trusts in God, here and a-far Shines on, tho' fail-eth sun and star.

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

Cast-ing all . . . . your care up-on Je-sus, Cast-ing all . . . .  
 All your care, all up-on Him, All your care,

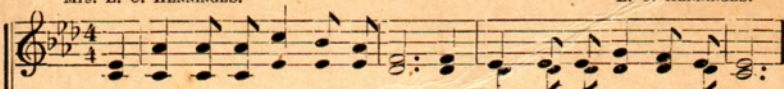
your care up-on Je-sus, Cast-ing all . . . . your care up-on  
 all up-on Him, All your care,

Je-sus, For He car-eth, He car-eth for you . . . . .  
 for you.  
 All up-on Him,

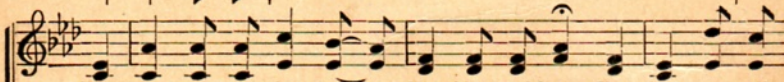
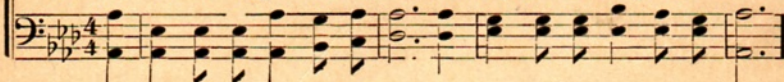
# 66 How Happy Will Be That Glad Day.

Mrs. E. C. HENNINGS.

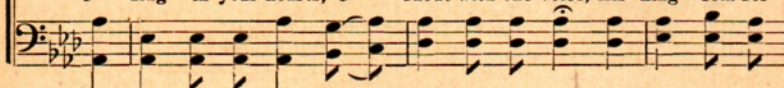
E. C. HENNINGS.



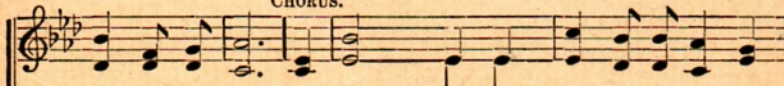
1. When that which is per - fect is come, And all that's in part done a - way,
2. When tri - als and troubles are o'er, All sor - rows and tears wiped a-way;
3. When springs in the desert break forth, And li - ons lay down with their prey,
4. When pleasure and peace hasten there, And hap - pi-ness brightens the way.
5. Then let us be glad and re-joice, Christ's glo - ri - ous reign is at hand.



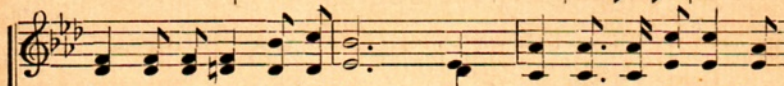
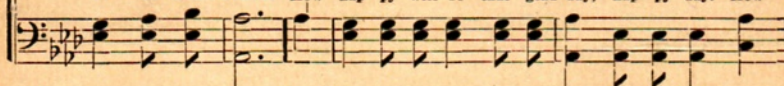
When Je - sus re - ceives us to His bless - ed home, How hap - py will  
When noth - ing shall hurt nor de - stroy an - y more, How hap - py will  
When Par - a - dise blos - soms and gar - lands the earth, How hap - py will  
With all that is per - fect and joy - ous and fair, How hap - py will  
O sing in your hearts, O shout with one voice, His king - dom for -



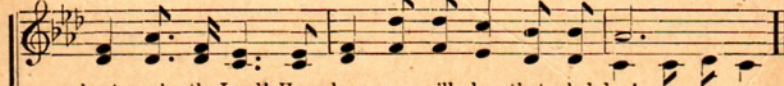
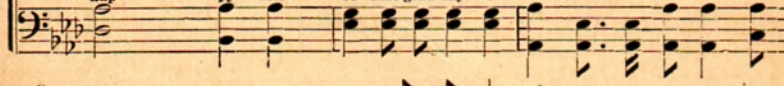
## CHORUS.



be that glad day!  
be that glad day!  
be that glad day! How hap - py will be that glad day! How  
be that glad day!  
ev - er shall stand. How hap - py will be that glad day, hap - py day! How



hap - py will be that glad day! O sing, hal - le - lu - jah! O  
hap - py will be that glad day! O



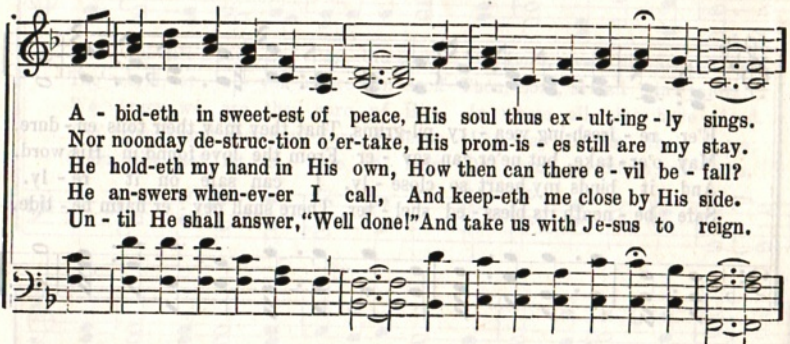
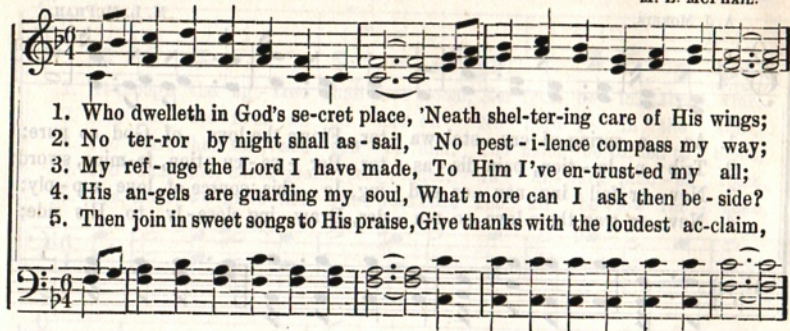
shout, praise the Lord! How hap - py will be that glad day!  
hap - py day!



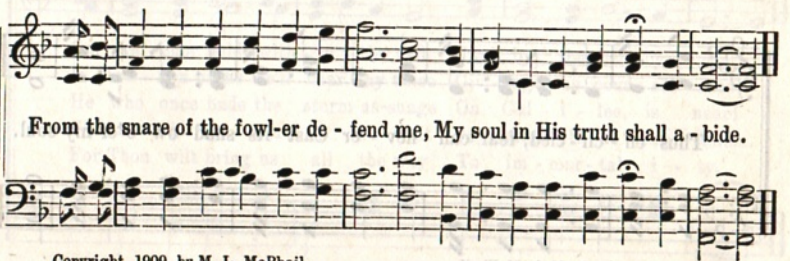
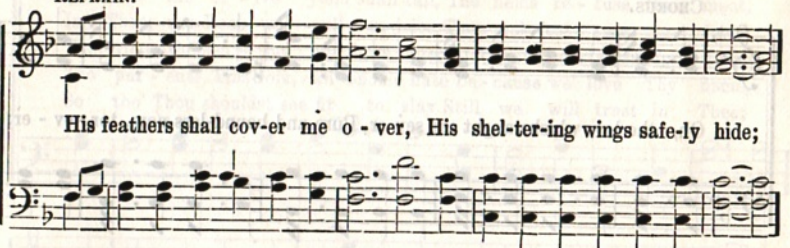
# 8 His Sheltering Wings.

A. J. MORRIS.

M. L. MCPHAIL.



## REFRAIN.



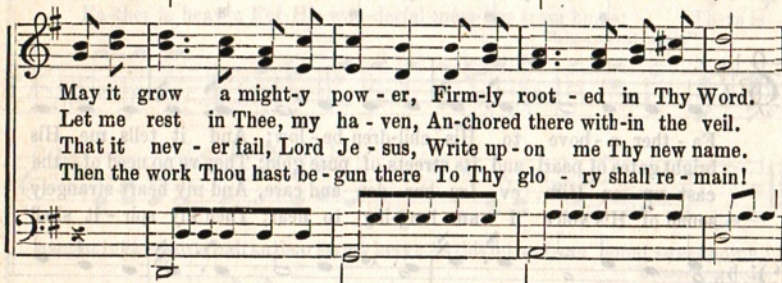
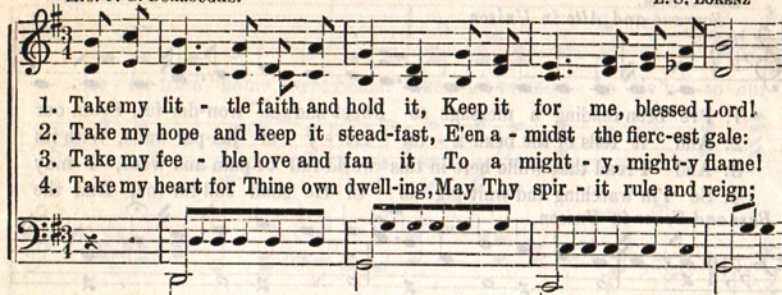
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# 9

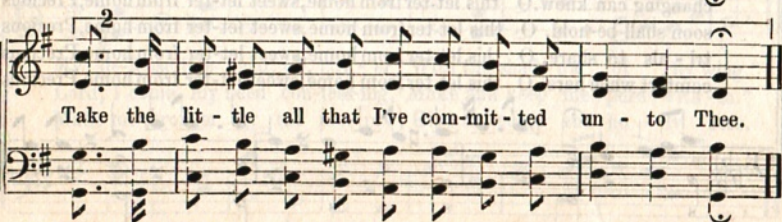
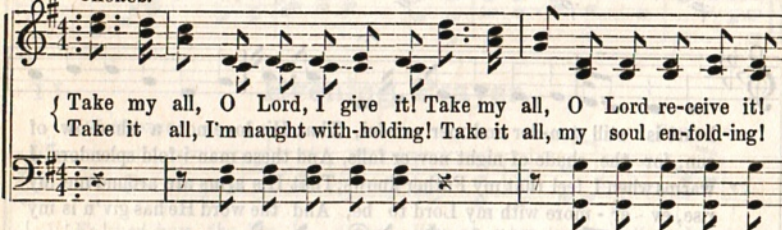
# Take My All.

Mrs. F. G. BURROUGHS.

E. S. LORENZ



## CHORUS.



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CHRISTIAN GATHERINGS  
AND  
THE HOME

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